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Themes of the Operas by Andre

THIS week The American Weekly presents Andre's interpretation of Richard Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman." For his blasphemy Captain Van der Decken was condemned to sail the ocean to eternity. There was only one hope for him—the sacrifice of a good woman. Senta, another sea captain's daughter, heard the story and pitied Van der Decken. He came ashore and begged her to save him. Her young lover Eric claimed her but Senta's pity for Van der Decken was stronger than her love for Eric and she ran after the Dutchman and leapt into the sea. The phantom ship sank, but amid the wreck could be seen the Flying Dutchman and his bride, clasped in each other's arms, rising up towards the heavens.

May Go To Jail Because He Was Robbed of $2000

WIZENED little Baptiste Charette, Quebec country hotelkeeper, made his first mistake when he sat down on the front porch of his hotel beside the stranger from Montreal.

He made his second mistake when he started in talking, and he made his third mistake when he agreed with the stranger that there are a lot of ways of making money without working for it.

What he did not know at the time was that the stranger's name is Jean Fondel, a 38-year-old fugitive from France's Devil's Island, a notorious confidence man and the holder of an unenviable criminal record in Europe and in Canada.

"Yes," said Fondel, "only suckers work for a living. Others sit back and make the suckers work."

Baptiste cocked his ear and shifted his chair a little closer and his eager eyes said "yes, yes, go on."

"Now I," said Fondel, "have a little stunt by which I don't have to work at all. Of course..." here his voice sank to a whisper, "of course you might think it not so legal and if you are afraid of the law..."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"No, no," protested the hotelkeeper. "I'm willing to take a chance."

"Well," Fondel continued, "to be perfectly frank—it's a little like counterfeiting. Mind you, there is no real counterfeiting involved, because I use no plate, but there is the element of counterfeiting because I am able to change one 10 dollar bill into three."

"How?" asked Charette.

Fondel looked around furtively.

"We'll have to go up to my room," he said.

The pair went inside the hotel and upstairs to Fondel's room. There, the hotelkeeper later told police, Fondel showed him a 10-dollar bill, two pieces of banknote paper cut to banknote size and a small bottle of acid. The Devil's Island fugitive liberally covered the 10 dollar bill with the acid and placed the bill between the two pieces of banknote paper.

"Leave it there until morning," Fondel told the hotel-

Fondel Took the Hotelkeeper's $10 Bill and Poured Out a Few Drops of the Supposedly Miraculous Acid. "In the morning," He Said, "you'll have three $10 bills."

keeper, "and you'll find three 10-dollar bills."

Charette did as he was told and when he awoke next day he quickly looked at the package and found that Fondel's story was right. There were three 10-dollar notes.

The excited Charette rushed to the room occupied by Fondel. "It worked! It worked," he shouted excitedly, waving the three ten dollar bills around. The swindler looked at him and smiled. "Of course it worked," he said calmly. "It always works and it is a pretty easy way to make twenty dollars profit, no?"

Charette thought it was pretty easy too, and wanted to know where he could get some of the miracle acid that turned one bill into three overnight. But Fondel didn't seem very anxious to tell him. It seemed that the acid was Fondel's own invention, and expensive. And besides, Fondel wasn't sure he wanted anyone else in on this fine "money making" scheme. But the arguments and pleas of the hotelkeeper finally had their effect. Fondel would get him some of the acid.

"I can get you a bottle," said Fondel, "for about $2,000."

The deal was speedily made. Fondel took the money and disappeared. The hotelkeeper "tested" the acid on some paper; nothing happened. He had been taken in by one of the oldest tricks in the "con" man's bag of tricks.

It is at this juncture that the story becomes a little involved because Charette wanted to have Fondel jailed but did not want to let everyone know how he had been mulcted of his money by such a simple piece of trickery. So he had Fondel arrested and at the arraignment accused Fondel of removing $2,000 from the hotel safe. The judge listened to the story and ordered the confidence man sent to trial.

When the trial opened, Charette changed his mind, fearful perhaps that he would not be able to prove the theft. He told the real story of the swindle. On the basis of his allegations, Fondel was found guilty of fraud and sent to St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary.

The judge, however, in sentencing Fondel to prison, casually mentioned that he believed the hotelkeeper himself should be arrested and sent to trial on a charge of perjury for the trumped-up tale he told at the arraignment. The Crown Prosecutor quickly carried out his instructions and Charette found himself before a judge—the accused instead of the accuser.

At this the case took a bizarre turn when Charette made a new about-face and insisted that his first story of the theft of the money was the correct one. On the basis of this claim, the charge of perjury was dropped. But when word of this reached Fondel in jail he quickly got in touch with his attorneys and they have now petitioned the Court of Appeals to have the confidence man freed. They insist he was sent to the "pen" for an alleged fraud which the man he swindled now says did not take place.

The question is under advisement but in the meanwhile Crown attorneys are considering arresting Charette again on a new charge of perjury because, if he didn't perjure himself at the first stage of the case, then by his own words he did at the latter part.

Fondel says he should go free, or at least get a new trial, and Charette is still a little puzzled at finding himself involved with the law, along with the "con man" who robbed him of $2,000.

The Flaming Haired "Borgia" Who Poisoned Five Of Her Best Friends

VIENNA.

EVERY now and then the trusting world is shocked to find that it has been harboring a human monster, and makes haste to remedy the oversight by destroying the criminal on the practical theory of "better late than never."

That is just what the Vienna high court of justice has had to do recently about Martha Marek, sharp-tongued, red-headed "Lucrezia Borgia of modern times." For like the historical Florentine aristocrat, she poisoned those nearest to her.

For more than 13 years Mrs. Marek maimed and destroyed her victims including a husband or two, one of her children, a great-aunt, and her "best friend."

The court audience could hardly believe its ears at the fantastic testimony, but the case against her was clear-cut. Because of her frightful crimes the court felt that an example must be made of her, and so Mrs. Marek is the first woman in Austria to pay the death penalty in the twentieth century.

Her character was under a black blight from the beginning. By birth a love child, born in Hungary, she lived, or rather starved,

Martha Marek Came to Hate Her Husband, With His One Leg and His Shattered Ambitions. The Police Say That She Poisoned Him, as She Had Others, in Her Lust for Money.

in the gutter of Moedling a suburb of Vienna she picked up cupidity, cruelty, and an unwholesome desire for money.

At the age of 13, the thin but pretty girl was herself "picked up" by a rich man, 62 years old, who arranged to take care of her for a few weeks with her mother's permission. The weeks lengthened into years. So shocked were the relatives of the "benefactor," named Moritz Fritsch, that they moved out in a body when Martha moved in. His answer to this was to adopt Martha's half-sister as well.

Martha quickly accustomed herself to wealth and rapidly ran through the rich man's fortune. The expensive tastes she acquired with him were to drive her to new crimes for the rest of her life. In spite of her youth, she dominated her adopter completely and began to realize her strange hypnotic power over others.

In 1923, under mysterious circumstances, Fritsch died, and it was whispered that Martha had killed him. Fearing a scandal, his family had things hushed up, and nobody investigated. Martha inherited most of what was left of the fortune, and at the funeral services seemed to be far from subdued. She danced in front of his bier in a red dress.

Among the mourners was a tall and handsome student, 20-year-old Emil Marek, who was training at the Technical High School to be an engineer. Martha had eyes only for him, and her hypnotic gazes had the desired effect. Acquaintance led to courtship, and Marek, who was five years younger than Martha, grew a black beard and married her.

So much did he worship his wife that he built a life-size wax figure of her which he kept in his workshop. He was ready to do anything for her—and Martha took monstrous advantage of it, for her inheritance was rapidly dwindling. With their last few dollars Marek was prevailed upon to buy an insurance policy that would fetch $400,000 if he were crippled.

Two days later, on June 13, 1925, Marek was in the Moedling Hospital with his leg chopped off by an "accidental" axe blow. Mrs. Marek claimed the insurance, but investigation revealed that not one but five strokes of an axe had been needed to sever the leg. Therefore, said the company in disputing the claim, it was no accident but a planned fraud. Mrs. Marek in court produced a hospital orderly who said the doctors cut off Marek's leg that way in collusion with the company to cheat the insurer. When the orderly admitted that he had taken a bribe from Mrs. Marek, the couple were thrown into jail for seven months. The fraud was not proven, but they were convicted for slander and libel against the company. For the accident itself they collected a settlement of about $4,000.

In jail, Martha made friends with a murderess named Leopoldine Leichtenstein, who told her how thallium can cause slow, painful death, beginning with decay of the hair, nails, and leading to blindness. A paste could be bought, as rat poison. That was how Mrs. Leichtenstein killed her man.

Released from jail the Mareks spent their insurance payment, and found themselves with two children named Alfons and Ingeborg who were always hungry. Martha had in addition come to hate her crippled husband, with his shattered ambitions, and told neighbors so. Suddenly he began to lose his hair, his sight, and his appetite. He died, but nobody knew it was poisoning until his body was recently exhumed.

A few weeks after his death the children became sick with the same symptoms. As with her husband, Mrs. Marek wouldn't call a doctor. Ingeborg died and her brother was taken to a hospital. When he was better, his father's parents took charge of him, and he never showed the symptoms again.

Mrs. Marek, meanwhile, was a free woman again, but without money. This time she turned to her great-aunt, Mrs. Susanna Loewenstein, a lively widow 67 years old. Her hypnotic influence soon had its effect, and two years ago the old lady made out a will leaving everything to Martha. Six months later, "Aunt Sue" was dead—after having lost hair, sight, and appetite. The doctor called it cancer, perhaps on the suggestion of Mrs. Marek.

The insurance money didn't last out the year. By December, Mrs. Marek had already pawned her last jewels and furs, and there was nothing to do but continue her fantastic career as wholesale killer. She met an insurance agent named Eugen Neumann who quickly fell under her strange spell and fell in with her plans to make his job pay extra dividends.

First, Martha became friendly with a dressmaker, Felicitas Kittenberger. She played the good samaritan and persuaded the woman to live with her. The dressmaker's gratitude was undying. Martha told the woman she would support her for the rest of her days, but in exchange, she suggested it was only fair that Felicitas should take out an insurance policy. Then Martha would collect whenever the "protege" died. Neumann arranged the policy.

Soon afterward, the duped dressmaker became sick and the usual symptoms of failing hair and failing eyes appeared. Felicitas died last year, but her son had a suspicion. To keep it from falling on herself Martha pretended to suffer the same symptoms. Neumann collected the premium, but soon they were out of funds again. Then Martha decided to try burglary insurance. She took out a policy, invented a robbery against herself and smuggled the "stolen" goods to a warehouse. The company became suspicious and found an ally in the son of the dressmaker. A spy was sent to Martha's house to pose as a servant. She found the fiendish woman was not sick at all. The trail led investigators from one poisoned victim to another. Graves were opened and evidence was collected. Mrs. Marek was arrested.

But her trial was put off for months and it began to be whispered that she had again worked her hypnotic influence—this time on a high political personage. But at long last, the trial took place, and Martha Marek was sentenced to death.

Modern Cowboys Who Ride The Range With A Blowtorch

ROMANCE and adventure on the cattle ranges has been the theme of thousands of short stories and novels, but nowhere has the fiction writer glorified the cowboy with the blow torch.

It gripes the soul of the old-time cowman to read a story in which the hero manages to graze 10,000 head of Herefords on 50,000 acres of land; and yet, some of those writers weren't so far off, providing they had realized that their hero's livestock could be fed natural range food other than grass.

That is where the cowboy with the blowtorch comes in.

During the last few winters, and especially during the severe drouth of 1935, many cowboys in New Mexico laid aside his six gun, if he ever carried one, got off his horse and took up the blowtorch. And with this magic implement in his hands, he became something of a Pied Piper, with a whole herd of cattle at his heels.

One of many of the ranges in New Mexico grows a type of cactus which is both nourishing and succulent and is relished as food by livestock. The only difficulty with this kind of forage is the needles with which Nature has protected the plants against the natural enemies. And these natural enemies include nearly every vegetarian on the ranges from rabbits to cattle.

Unless tortured by hunger, cattle won't eat cactus in its natural state, because the spines will sometimes puncture the intestines and cause death; or they will stick in the animal's mouth and sometimes lead to death by starvation. But once the spines are burned from the cactus, the stock eat it readily.

There are two types of cactus which offer the finest food. One of these is the prickly pear, which grows abundantly in the lower altitudes. The other is the tree cactus, sometimes called the deer horn cactus, which grows in profusion in some of the higher altitudes.

Cactus as a food is not new, but in many parts of New Mexico it was not used extensively until the drouth of 1935, and even then many ranchers did not use it at all. But times are changing and some of the ranchers are just now learning its value.

More than a hundred years ago cactus was fed by some kept their weight, but actually began to gain. Cactus was periods of heavy snowfall, when the ranges were so covered with snow that the cattle could not muzzle through to the grass beneath.

Cactus feeding was no joke in the early days. The spines had be be burned off over a fixed fire, and the cactus of necessity had to be brought to the fire. Today all this is changed. The fire is taken to the cactus and the cattle follow the burner slowly.

On the range of Jose Ortiz y Pino, south of Santa Fe, cactus feeding has become an established part of range practice. Mr. Pino's ranges are dotted with the tree cactus, and while he didn't have much faith in cactus feeding, he determined to try it. To his surprise, the livestock not only kept their weight, but actually began to gain. Cactus was fed every other day, and in addition the cattle were given one pound each of cottonseed cake. As a result they came through the winter in excellent condition.

Nose Nerves That Turn Air Into Ideas

PEOPLE'S noses—saucy little turned-up affairs, long and slender "aristocratic" noses, or hawk-like beaks—have a great deal to do with the physical and mental health of their owners, according to a recent report by Dr. Arthur Miller of the French Hospital in London. And it all turns out to be a case of nerves—not jitters, but special fresh-air nerves in the nose.

Everyone has known for a long time that a draft of fresh air has an almost magical ability to make people think better and feel better, but while folks may count their many blessings they don't always stop to figure out what makes the blessings work. So fresh-air fans have been dashing home for an hour's work in the garden after a tiresome day in the office; letting noses lead them to the country, beaches or parks; and in the case of the farmer, working from sun-up 'till sunset getting vim, vigor and "mentality" from the breezes, probably without realizing that everyone owes at least some of this renewed energy to his "schnozzle."

Dr. Miller, too, might have gone on taking his fresh air as it comes without much thought about it if he had not seen a lot of British school children changed from listless little plodders to bright and eager workers all because of their noses.

Together with some other physicians, he was treating the beginning of deafness in London school children. Nowadays children in many public schools have their hearing tested regularly by instruments called audiometers. Boys and girls whose ears prove to be defective then are given medical treatment.

Strange as it may seem, the nose, with its proverbial habit of getting into other folk's business, plays an important part in its owner's business in this instance and often gets the medical treatment intended to prevent deafness or to cure poor hearing. This is because one of the chief causes of childhood deafness is inflammation or chronic germ infection in the nose or throat.

One treatment used by Dr. Miller consists of massaging infected or inflamed nose linings by means of a soft rubber tube, like a small elongated balloon, which is inserted in

Fresh Air, Science Believes, Is Mentally as Well as Physically Stimulating. It Sharpens the Brain Through a Network of Tiny Nerves Inside the Nose.

the nose and alternately blown up and relaxed by squeezing a bulb at the tube's end.

This massaging treatment is supposed to work its cure by stimulating the millions of tiny nerve endings in the mucous membrane that lines the nose, as the tube alternately presses on each nerve tip and is withdrawn again. The stimulation, in turn, makes the blood circulate faster and also encourages the living cells that line the nose, the sinuses and the middle ear to secrete protective fluids which help to clear up the infection and let the swelling subside.

But while the excited nose nerves are taking care of things in their own territory it turns out that they also are pepping up the whole individual by long-distance messages over the "telephone lines" of the body's nervous system.

Blood in all parts of the body circulates faster. Nose and throat passages open wider. The lungs breathe more deeply. It is believed that by reflex actions even the organs in the abdomen are stimulated as a result of the newly acquired pep of the nose nerves.

Usually the brain tells the rest of the body what to do, but in this instance the energetic nose nerves seem able to rule the "master-mind" by sending it a better blood supply and making this organ think better.

Faced with all of these remarkable results from the "balloon" treatment, it is natural that Dr. Miller began wondering why Nature had put nerves in the nose which not only can speed up bodily activity but actually can sharpen dull wits. What kind of a switch did Nature use to turn on these nerves and make them work? Certainly folks never were intended to go around with balloons in their noses ready to blow themselves full of pep at a moment's notice.

Blow! That one word turns out to be the key to the situation. Breezes blow into the nose. Cool—fresh air does pep people up and make them bright. So Dr. Miller concluded that here at last is an explanation of why fresh air is a stimulant. All it has to do to start the ball rolling and get the body wound up for high-speed action it to touch the extremely sensitive fresh-air nerves. They will do the rest.

But even these nerves sometimes get out of whack. Like door hinges they get "rusty" and need "oiling" if not used. Languid girls and boys who sit with open mouths and dull-looking eyes often are not really stupid. It may be that their noses are making them dull instead of bright.

Children who breathe through their mouths, either because of some nasal defect or merely from bad habit may lose the precious ability of their noses to stimulate brains and bodies. The tiny nerves in the mucous membrane of the nose get out of the habit of working and soon become dull and dopey and when these queer "fresh air" nerves become dopey, the child's entire system, brain, lungs, abdominal organs and so on, gets dopey too.

Unfortunate as such children are, the situation it not hopeless. Dr. Miller suggests that, first having had any real nasal defect remedied, such children should have special breathing exercises to be followed carefully every day until the dulled fresh-air nerves wake up and take over their job of making the body toe the mark and seeing that the brain struts its brightest stuff.

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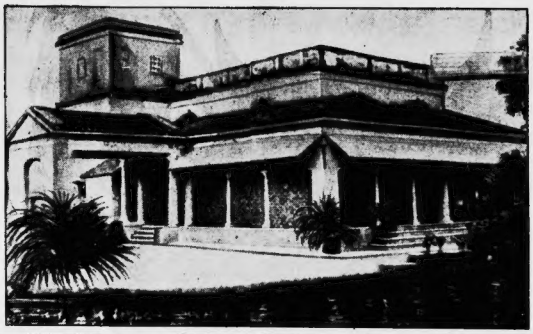
How Mahatma Gandhi Hopes to Shed 20 of His Years



The Brick-Lined, Almost Hermetically Sealed "Artificial Womb" Which the Pandit Malaviya Occupied for Two Months Under Special Diet in the Strange Rejuvenation Method.

The Tapsi Bishandas Udasi, Who Gave the Pandit the Rejuvenation Treatment; He Claims That He Has Undergone Three of Them Himself and Is Almost 200 Years Old.

To Prepare the Path for India's Famous Leader, the Pandit Malaviya Enters the "Artificial Womb" of An Ancient Hindu Rejuvenation Process and Comes Out Two Months Later With 25 of His 75 Years Left Behind Him

INT'L PHOTOS

The Pandit M. M. Malaviya, Former Vice-Chancellor of the Hindu University at Benares, India, Before He Entered the Sealed Chamber of Rejuvenation—75 Years Old and Bent, Wrinkled and Feeble.

The Pandit Malaviya as He Appeared Upon Leaving the Sealed Chamber After 60 Days of His Treatment by the Yoga Kayakalp Method of Rejuvenation—Wrinkles and Baldness Gone, and With the Carriage of a Man of 50.

By H. G. FRANKS,
Former Editor of the Star of India and Member of the Indian Historical Records Commission.

BENARES, India, August 15.

THE MAHATMA GANDHI, now 69 years old, and through his strenuous exertions in the cause of Free India grown more feeble than his age warrants, is going to take the Yogi Kayakalp method of rejuvenation. By doing so he hopes to shed at least 20 years, returning to 49. A part of this treatment requires living for 60 days in an "artificial womb," a bricked-up, tomb-like and dark structure and living solely on milk and certain prescribed fruit and herb drinks.

While it will undoubtedly be denied that the Mahatma has decided to undergo this rejuvenation process, it is well known that the recent experiment of the 75-year-old Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, founder and former vice-chancellor of the great Hindu University at Benares, was carried out to test the method and, if it proved successful, act as persuasion to the Mahatma that he do the same.

There can be no doubt that it was successful, for when the Pandit emerged from the "artificial womb" he had dropped 25 of his years.

Travelers in India occasionally meet venerable-looking men who are supposed to be 500 and even 600 years old. These claims are naturally taken with a large grain of salt because there is no real evidence offered to support them.

But the case of Pandit Madan is evidence. A bent old man with dim eye, quavering voice and all the other evidences of senility, he hobbled on his cane into a windowless, brick rejuvenation "womb" from which he came out a month and a half later, with every appearance of a vigorous man of less than 50.

The transformation was so startling that only the soft-minded could take it without first grasping for some explanation such as substitution or that the patient was made up to look old when he went in or some other sort of hoax.

All such trick explanations must be abandoned, because there is no question that he is the man who went in and who came out; also that in the intervening time something happened quite unaccountable to science.

The treatment was given at Sheokuti, eight miles from Allahabad, by Tapsi Bishandas Udasi, who took it from the prescription set down in sacred writings about 400 B. C. It is called the Kayakalp method. The Tapsi has undergone his own treatment three times and though looking under 50, says he is nearing his 200th year. The rejuvenated Pandit talked freely of the treatment except the necessary four herbs of which even he was not enlightened.

The brick, tomb-like structure built in the seclusion of a rich man's estate, is without windows or other direct access for light and air. No visitors were allowed and even the Tapsi and his disciple had to enter by an underground passage. This was to prevent activities of the outside world from intruding on this two-months rejuvenation, just as everyone tries to do during the nightly rejuvenation of sleep. When the patient arrived with a companion, Pandit Hardutt Shastri, who took the treatment with him, they brought a bushel basket of books and ancient manuscripts to study during their retirement.

The Wrinkled Wezened Face of the Mahatma Gandhi, from a Recent Photograph.

But Tapsi Bishandas spoiled all that by allowing the blackness of the tomb to be mitigated only by the feeble rays of a couple of ancient lamps in which homemade wicks burned in melted butter. Not until near the end of the old-age cure were they able to read by this wretched light. An oculist would expect such abuse to injure even youthful eyes but these patients so improved that the companion Pandit now reads without spectacles.

The two learned old men were permitted to walk around in their soundless and almost lightless tomb, but conversation except when necessary was forbidden. This was partly so they would concentrate on prayers and exercises instead of discussion, and also because two persons imprisoned together like that get on each other's nerves if allowed to talk. The prayers were familiar to these two devout Hindu scholars and so were the exercises, though infirmities of old age had caused them to be abandoned some years before. Now gradually they were able to take them up again.

The food consisted of milk, butter, honey and an herb called aonla. The two dairy products of the diet came from two jet-black cows, personally picked and imported from the Punjab by the Tapsi himself. Why they have to be black was not explained because it was not revealed in the secred writings. The patients were not permitted to shave or bathe, though occasionally allowed an oil rub and not a drop of water touched them even for drinking.

The Tapsi says he is willing to give the names of the four essential drugs and where they are to be found, but only to persons of sufficient learning and character to carry out the rest of the complicated and rather arduous treatment, without which the herbs are worse than useless. If the names of the drugs were published he foresees that Swami Ohoho and Swami Ahaha and other turbaned frauds would start peddling "live-forever" powders, guaranteed to make flappers out of old women, especially in the United States.

Even if assured that the treatment, in all cases, would be followed meticulously and successfully, he would not care to take the responsibility of what might happen. While it would be a blessing if a few thousand specially talented persons could be kept alive and active indefinitely, to have the entire human race live 400 years or more would probably be the worst calamity since the flood. The rejuvenation process does not make old men into youths in their twenties but men in their fifties. Elderly men are priceless as advisers, teachers, leaders and executives but, like generals in the army, there is only a limited need for them. The world's laborious work must be done by young men.

The Tapsi charges no fee for the rejuvenation, only for the herbs and their preparation which runs into money because they can only be gathered at certain times of the year, and must be dried and powdered. In the case of Pandit Malaviya six men were searching all over India for several months, and even when the herbs had been collected, it was necessary to obtain access to a small forest of palay trees in which the actual medicine is made. A well-known Indian Prince came to the rescue here and said that the Tapsi could use his forests about thirty miles from Allahabad.

Accordingly every day for nearly two months one of these palay trees was cut down and the trunk hollowed out. Inside the hollow was put some powdered aonla herb and the other secret ingredients; cowdung cakes were heaped around, and lit; and the whole allowed to burn for twenty-four hours. By this process one dose was prepared, which then had to be taken back to Allahabad as quickly as possible and administered.

The treatment was only an abridged and mild form as Tapsi Bishandas pointed out to his patients and was entirely the fault of the Pandit Malaviya because he had committed the sin of procrastination. Nearly a year ago he had made the decision, the brick tomb had been built and the date set, only to be broken again and again. Though so feeble he could no longer stand to read his speeches nor to carry on his duties at the university, the Pandit was still so busy with other affairs that he could not find time to retire for nearly three months as was expected of him.

Finally the Tapsi sent an ultimatum that unless the Pandit appeared by January 16, he would start on his annual pilgrimage to Holy Hardwar. The procrastinating Pandit arrived ahead of the final hour but the time left before the Tapsi had to start on his pilgrimage was so short that he fears his patients may start aging again and have to come back within the next half century for a follow-up treatment.

"There are several methods of Kayakalp," explained Tapsi Bishandas, "one of which takes only a day; others occupy several months; and there is one that takes a full year. The more effective forms undoubtedly require drastic cleaning of the internal organs, and in one of these treatments the skin of the whole body peels off and is replaced by a completely new one within a week. There are particular forms of Kayakalp for getting a new set of teeth or for turning the hair from white to black. An all-around improvement in the general health, however, is the first and common characteristic of all of them; and naturally a steady treatment extending over several weeks is by far the best method. In the rejuvenation which takes only one day, for example, great pain is experienced: the whole body swells up, the organs inside feel as though they were all being scraped and polished, and the skin peels off in six complete layers. This is the first case I have known in which a popular Indian has openly supported our wonderful traditions, for Kayakalp is generally performed by saddhus and yogis who live in quiet jungles and devote their lives to meditation."

There is no doubt that the health and vitality of the two patients have greatly increased and the change in their appearance seems almost miraculous. The quavering voice had become firm, the cane was thrown away, the eyes had a remarkable twinkle and brightness; the body had lost its stoop, and the face had become fuller and had lost its wrinkles. Pandit Malaviya admitted that the treatment had been "difficult," but said that on the whole it was "quite pleasant."

"In fact," he added, "it is quite easy if you follow all the instructions, which means that you have complete faith in the shastras, or holy books."

His memory and eyesight were undoubtedly very much better, and he insisted that he could even remember "some Sanskrit verses which I learned in my early youth and which had completely disappeared from my mind." A curious physiological result of the treatment, however, was that his jaws and gums had become stiff, putting his false teeth completely out of action. It was at first thought that this stiffness presaged the cutting of a completely new set of teeth, but it now seems that such is not to be the case. However, a dentist who has examined him says that the stiffness will soon work off, that it is a sign of good health, and that the treatment has certainly made itself manifest for good in his mouth.

Yet another form of Kayakalp treatment, but which has not been known for the past few hundred years, is much more rigorous. In this case the medicine is called Som Lata. On the fifth day the patient's body swells to an alarming extent; on the seventh day most of the flesh and all of the skin completely disappear, leaving the heroic patient nothing but a breathing skeleton. On the eighth day new flesh and skin miraculously appear, and by the end of a fortnight the patient is completely rejuvenated—or it would be more accurate to say that he has grown a new body. It is said at Benares that a group of saddhus in the Valley of the Kangra took this treatment over two hundred years ago, and that they are still living. This may, of course, be possible, but there is no proof.

Another form of rejuvenation practiced by the yogis in India, and which does not entail the use of drugs or herbs, is that of yogic exercises. As a general rule, these exercises are recommended by a class of Ayur-Vedic physicians as cures for certain illnesses; but the yogis maintain that many of them will make and keep a man very young. Tapsi Baba admits that they all help, and although pinning his faith on the various systems of Kayakalp, also admits that he has known of cases of definite rejuvenation by this means.

All of these exercises are designed to affect definite parts of the body, namely, those in which the glands or important organs are located. Yoga regards the vertebral column as the center of the body, and at the top

(Continued on Page 12)

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Queer Insects That Nature Gave Animal Faces

WITH the development of microscopic cameras of great precision, enabling scientists to photograph and enlarge pictures of tiny objects, new wonders of the insect and plant worlds are being discovered and recorded.

Flies, bees and other small bugs take on the appearance of monsters in some fantastic nightmare. Blades of grass and tiny plants have taken on the proportions of immense jungles. And now the microscopic camera has made a photographic record of a number of insects which reveal a startling similarity to many animals familiar to man.

At the left is an enlarged photograph of the head of a Cameron grasshopper, known to science as Cosmoderus erinaceus Fairm. It takes but little stretch of imagination to see the head as that of a savage horned rhinoceros ready to charge its foe, yet formidable as its appearance is, the grasshopper is really a meek little insect. In its habitat, it apparently doesn't put much faith in its ferocious looks to scare its enemies. Instead it owes its survival largely to camouflage. According to W. P. Fycraft, a noted British scientist, its natural coloring permits it to blend a leaf to which it attaches itself when in danger.

The head of the enlarged photograph of a tarantula shown in the second picture has been compared to that of a walrus by scientists who have observed it under the microscope. This similarity which is readily apparent when the insect is viewed under a magnifying glass, may also be noticed in the illustration by covering up the legs and concentrating the attention on the head itself. When this is done, the vicious insect appears to be a sort of a pin-headed walrus peering angrily up at the observers from its resting place.

Below the tarantula is an enlarged photograph of another harmless grasshopper, a native of West Africa. Its scientific name is Aeridoxena Lewaniana Smith, but for all that it greatly resembles a caricature of a horse. A very well-defined equine muzzle, mouth and jaw may be seen as well as a horsy forehead and neck. Observers who have studied it under the microscope have compared it to the illustrations of Don Quixote's horse in the famous book by Cervantes, the collar on the back of its neck being similar to the armor worn by that animal.

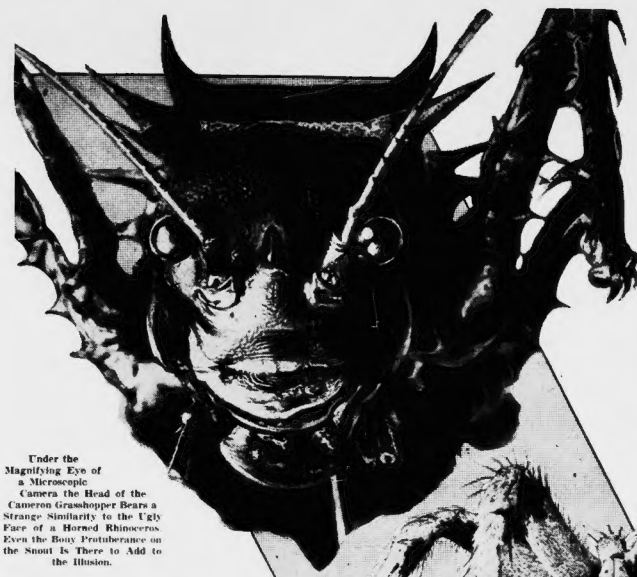
At the bottom of the page is the enlarged photograph of a fly which has the scientific name of Hippoleroa diana. Its resemblance to a South American monkey is very striking, yet Nature has made this similarity most deceptive of all the insects shown here. The two black spots which appear to be eyes are not eyes. They are the basal joints of the feelers, hairlike and almost invisible, which protrude from them and act as the fly's sense of touch. The real eye is what appears to be a large bald ear on the left side of the insect.

Many other little insects and reptiles also show startling resemblance either to living animals or prehistoric ones as scientists have reconstructed them for museums. The small and harmless chameleon, for example, appears under the microscope to be a species of the giant Komodo lizards which were brought to this country a few years ago from the East Indies and declared to be survivals of the prehistoric past.

One flying insect, known as Dinomotis was revealed to have a dual personality under the microscope. When camouflaged from its enemies, like the grasshopper, it blended with its surroundings so perfectly that it appeared to be a rotting twig. When wings were extended, however, it looked a great deal like an ordinary barn bat.

The head of another curious insect, a South American Rhinastus, with a long thick beak, when pictured by the microscope camera resembled not an animal but a large and very solemn stork. Just what other amazing discoveries await investigators in this interesting field is difficult to predict for they say that despite the great amount of work they have already done they have scarcely scratched the surface of its possibilities.

The fact that so many insects look like almost anything except what they really are, suggests that Nature is all the time running an outdoor carnival, at which everybody masquerades in fantastic "false faces." But whether this likeness of insects to animals is more than coincidence, is not yet known.



Under the Magnifying Eye of a Microscopic Camera the Head of the Cameron Grasshopper Bears a Strange Similarity to the Ugly Face of a Horned Rhinoceros. Even the Bony Protuberance on the Snout Is There to Add to the Illusion.

No One Ever Thinks of the Dreaded Tarantula in Connection With the Fat and Bewhiskered Walrus. But When the Eye of a Magnifying Camera Is Turned on the Big Spider, Its Face Is Distinctly Walrus-Like. Even the Drooping Tusks With Which the Sea Beast Digs on the Ocean Bottom, Are Duplicated in a Couple of Hairy Pouches.

Until Scientists Took An Enlarged Picture of the West African Grasshopper Few People Knew That the Pest Looks Like a Caricature of a Horse. The "Critter" Resembles a Steed of the Middle Ages Because of the Horny Armor That It Wears on the Back of Its Neck. The Insect, Despite Its Voracious Appetite, Is Not Nearly So Ferocious As It Looks.

This Is Not a Monkey, but a Fly. What Look Like Eyes Are Not Eyes at All but the Bases of Feelers. The Thing That Looks Like an Enlarged Ear Is What the Insect Sees With.

The Cow That Started an Epidemic

DUBLIN.

IF the highly scientific detective work done by two British physicians hadn't discovered the bovine culprit in time, a meek and ordinary looking Dublin cow might have gone down in history along with Mrs. O'Leary's cow, which is supposed to have started the Chicago fire. As it was, the Irish cow started one epidemic and poisoned more than a hundred children before it was tracked down by Dr. E. T. Conybeare and Dr. L. H. D. Thornton, of London.

Some months ago children in one part of the Irish Capital suddenly began getting sick with headaches and disturbances of stomach and bowels. Local doctors and hospitals were stumped, but all the children ultimately recovered. The London experts who investigated promptly decided that some kind of food poisoning had been responsible and milk from one dairy was indicated as carrying a variety of the germs called Salmonella, already the cause of numerous similar outbreaks.

So far the experts had plain sailing, but attempts to find out how the germ got into the milk at first proved unsuccessful. Blood tests showed that all human beings connected with the dairy were healthy and free from Salmonella germs. Finally the two London scientists examined all the cows and discovered that one was a Salmonella "carrier" like the human carriers of typhoid fever.

When this cow was eliminated the epidemic ended.

Postage Stamps That Stretch

RIO DE JANEIRO.

RUBBER postage stamps that stretch, bounce and snap, recently were proposed by one Brazilian inventor in all seriousness. The idea is finding increasing favor with patriotic citizens of that country. The facts that Brazil was the first country to start rubber plantations and that rubber still is one of its most important products are matters of national pride suitable for what stamp collectors call a commemorative issue.

Such an issue printed on thin rubber sheets would supply at least a small additional market for the rubber growers while postal authorities declare that the elasticity of the stamps would permit them to be fitted around the corners of packages without tearing or coming loose.

Special inks and glue would be used, and the result would be proof against the ravages of tropical insects and climate alike. Stamp collectors are interested because it means specimens that wouldn't tear easily.

No Two-Fisted Drinking With This Glass

PEOPLE who have difficulty in balancing their Scotch or rye, their chaser of soda or ginger ale and their nibbles of potato chips, popcorn or pretzels in their two hands, heralded a new type of whiskey glass devised by Philip Merkel of Cleveland as the most revolutionary step in drinking habits since the invention of the swinging door and the brass rail.

Merkel's contraption is basically scientific, what with specific gravity, drinker's capacity and vertical balance all being taken into consideration. It is shaped like a hollow, inverted egg cup and the barkeeper first pours the chaser of water or soda into it. This of course goes right to the bottom of the glass, filling the lower bowl. Then the Scotch or rye is added, being poured right to the brim of the upper bowl which has the same capacity as an ordinary bar glass of liquor.

As the alcoholic beverage is lighter than the chaser, the two don't mix. The customer raises the double glass to his lips daintily with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, downs the liquor and then drinks the chaser. It's just as simple as that, and Merkel believes that it will soon make two-fisted drinking as obsolete as horse cars and hoop skirts. The same device could be used for lighter-than-water medicines which call for a follow-up of water to take away the bad taste fast.

The Two-in-One Highball Glass, With the Liquor Floating on Top of the Water, or Soda, "Chaser."

ACME PHOTO

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WENT RABBIT HUNTING—*But a* RABBIT KILLED SKATER JACK DUNN

Jack Dunn Went Rabbit Hunting Every Week to Keep in Training.

One Day a Tick Which Had Bitten a Rabbit Infected by Tularemia Germs Attached Itself to His Arm.

In Dislodging and Crushing the Insect, Tularemia Germs in Its Blood Were Transferred to His Fingers.

On the Way Home, Ashes From His Cigarette Blew Into One of His Eyes.

And Rubbing the Eye With a Contaminated Finger, Dunn Transferred the Deadly Germs Into His Body.

Cigarette Ashes in His Eye, Rubbing by a Finger Infected From a Tick Off a Sick Hare and the Budding Film Idol, Sonja Henie's Ex-Partner, Was Doomed by the Germs of the Dreaded Disease Tularemia, and Nothing on Earth Could Save Him

JACK DUNN, world-famous figure skater and former partner of Sonja Henie the "ice queen," waited two years for stardom in Hollywood. The other day opportunity knocked on his door at last but Jack did not answer because he was dying.

To keep fit the healthy young Englishathlete had hunted jack rabbits on the desert and though he never killed a rabbit, one succeeded in killing him in the most roundabout and fantastic manner imaginable. His case thrust upon the doctors a medical detective mystery, with hidden and confusing clues. They solved it, but just too late to save their patient.

Motoring back to Hollywood from a desert ranch near Victorville, California, ashes blew from Jack's cigarette into his eye, causing him to do what most anyone else in the world, even a doctor, might have done. He rubbed his eye, the smarting ceased and he forgot about it. Two or three days later, however, the eyeball had become so inflamed that he showed it to his friend, Dr. Edward S. Ruth, a Hollywood surgeon.

Dr. Ruth examined the eye learned about the ashes, treated it for a minor irritation and told Dunn to see him in the morning if it wasn't better. Next morning he beheld a sick man. Not only had the inflammation spread over night but he now had a fever and sore throat. Immediately the surgeon realized that he was dealing with a mysterious and dangerous enemy. The patient, only 21 years old, was sent to the Hollywood Hospital where a consultation of specialists was called. There was Dr. A. G. Bower, professor of medicine and head of the section of communicable diseases, at the University of Southern California, Dr. Carl Fisher, eye specialist and Dr. J. McKenzie Brown, throat specialist.

The three experts started running down every clue and testing every suspicion. Before they could hope to do anything worth while for Dunn, they must identify the microbe that was invading the youth's system. A bullet that will kill a Russian will kill a Jap or a German or an elephant but it is not that way with things to conquer germs. The rogue's gallery for identifying microbe criminals is the pathological laboratory, to which they sent smear after smear from throat and eye with requests to see if they showed any of a long list of well-known enemies. All the reports came back negative, not guilty.

Valuable time was lost and then Dr. Bower began to discern the faint outline of their adversary. The white of the infected eye, which had become blood-red, now showed white specks. This with swelling of the lymph glands of the neck and symptoms like typhoid pointed the finger toward tularemia.

This disease, sometimes known as "rabbit fever," did not receive its scientific name until 1911 but is now known to be an old offender that has been working under many an alias.

New smears were rushed hopefully to the laboratory in the hope of pinning the crime on Bacillus Tularense and then came the cruel break which was to cost the young Englishman his life.

The medical sleuths were on the right track but the laboratory sent back more negative reports.

Circumstantial evidence continued to accumulate. The remittent fever acted just like that of tularemia and then came the dreaded, final bit of evidence, the pneumonia stage. It must be tularemia and just then the laboratory telephoned that it was.

At last the doctors could counter-attack with the only known weapon against this disease, the blood of someone who has recovered from it. Walter Rampe and John Hamilton who had suffered from the "finger type" of tularemia volunteered as donors. It makes all the difference in the world where this microbe invades the system.

If it is through a finger the victim is quite likely to get well, if in an eye, the deaths are 51 per cent and if both eyes are infected, 100 per cent.

The blood of a recovered patient is believed to contain antibodies making him immune from future attacks. Added to the blood of one who is fighting it, the antibodies should supply ammunition before the body takes time to manufacture its own. Transfusion was given Dunn but it was already the eleventh hour. The patient sank into a coma while the decisive battle was fought throughout his unconscious body. Still it might not be too late if the reinforcements could keep him going past the crisis.

Next day Dunn opened his eyes and to the joy of the anxious experts around his bed revealed a lucid mind. Addressing Dr. Bower, he said:

"You're gonna pull me through, aren't you, Doctor?"

Assurance given, Dr. Bower had opportunity to question Dunn briefly.

"Where do you think you picked this up, Jack? Have you been handling jack rabbits or been out where there are any?"

"Every week-end for the last three or four months I have been going to a ranch on the desert near Victorville, California. There are lots of jack rabbits there and I've hunted them but never was able to hit one."

"Ever been bitten by a deer fly up there?"

"No. They're up there, but I don't think I ever was bitten by one."

"How about ticks?"

"Yes, I've picked ticks off several times."

The doctor nodded, patted the patient's hand reassuringly, and arose. The picture was complete.

The Deer Fly Which, Like the Tick That Infected Mr. Dunn, Carries the Germs of Tularemia.

Messenger of Death—It Was a Tick Such as This That Filled Itself With Germs From the Blood of a Rabbit and Carried Them to Dunn.

Jack Dunn and Sonja Henie as They Appeared in One of Sonja's Films.

A tick had lived on a rabbit, sick with tularemia, and at the death of its host or for some other reason, left its body to wait in the brush for the next suitable creature to come along and be taxed of its blood. The first one was Jack Dunn but apparently he felt the tick and picked it off before its bite infected him. Yet in crushing the insect his fingers became infected. Evidently there was no break in the skin of his fingers and no harm would have come of it but for the ashes flying into his eye. The ashes caused the microscopical break in the delicate conjunctiva, through which Jack rubbed in death, in the form of Bacillus Tularense.

In his case the germs came from a rabbit because the place swarmed with them. In others it would have been a squirrel or a coyote while a deer fly, a mosquito or a bed bug might have been the insect messenger of death. Though foxes and coyotes seem to be equally active rabbit hunters, the coyote succumbs to the disease while the fox is immune.

Having roused himself to give the final evidence to make the case complete, Jack fell back into his coma and died the next day, the very day when he should have started playing the role of Rudolph Valentino in a film depicting the life of that famous star whose career was cut short because all the knowledge and gadgets of medical science could not save him. An autopsy on Mr. Dunn's body confirmed the diagnosis.

Nobody knows yet how many animals are subject to tularemia nor how many forms of insects act as its agents but there are so many that it resembles a well-organized international business. Apparently most any sort of rodent may be among its victims, not only rats and mice but the cute little squirrel, sometimes called a "dressed-up rat."

Dr. Edward Francis gave it the name because he discovered it in Tulare County, California, but it has since been identified in many parts of the country and many parts of the world.

In Norway it turns out to be what has long been known as the "lemming disease." The lemming, a small rodent, somewhat between a rat and a squirrel, devotes himself to just two things: eating and multiplying, with the inevitable result that periodically the creature outgrows its food supply. It then makes suicidal mass migrations for which it is famous.

In solid formation an army of the stupid little beasts marches straight ahead, through cities, across mountains, rivers or anything else that may be in their course, turning aside for nothing until they reach the ocean. Right straight out to sea goes the idiotic pilgrimage until the last member has drowned. In the path of one of these mass migrations crops up an epidemic of "lemming fever," now identified as tularemia among the human population. In this case the insect transfer agents seem to be flies, fleas and lice.

In Sweden, there were severe outbreaks of tularemia during the years 1931 and 1934 and though rabbits there are known to carry the disease only four cases could be traced to them. The insect agents were finally found to be mosquitoes. Two cities identified them. First it was noticed that the curve of tularemia cases rose and fell with the height of the mosquito season. Secondly there were more than three times as many women victims as men and, as the scientists pointed out, women go around with more than three times as much of their skin exposed as do men.

Since the Russian Revolution, that country has been swept by a series of epidemics, many of them somewhat mysterious. One of the bright ideas of the Soviet economic planners was for Russia to live on hares. These multiply so fast that anyone with a pencil and paper can prove that if each Russian family would breed hares for a year there would be more meat than the nation could eat. They made the experiment but somebody had forgotten that any such project would require a stupendous amount of fresh vegetable food, the very thing which the undernourished Russian yearns for most.

Anything good enough for a hare the Russian would eat himself. However, before they discovered the joke, it is not unlikely that they shipped enough hares around to spread tularemia, of which they seemed not to have known at the time.

Leon Trotsky by a chance remark indicated the probability of this calamity. As his train was hearing him into exile he mentioned the desolation of the countryside near Kursk as the result of an epidemic, and wrote:

"Crows and ravens came in flocks to the feast. There were no hares because all had died of a terrible epidemic during the winter."

What insects acted as bason agents between man and beast in this event is not known but, strangely enough, from Russia came later the unexpected news that this versatile microbe can use a stream of water as a conveyor.

Drs. S. T. Karpoff and N. I. Antonoff of the Institute of Epedemiology and Microbiology reported a curious outbreak like the plagues of medieval times. A community of farm laborers had camped on the bank of a river between two cities. Half of them came down with what was finally diagnosed as tularemia but the others were unharmed by it. Investigation soon showed that the immune half was taking its drinking water from the river whereas the sick ones had been drawing it from a nice clear babbling brook which emptied into the river just below.

Tests soon revealed that the brook was full of tularemia bacilli which were traced to bodies of rats that were suffering from an epidemic of their own. This was the more readily suspected because there had just been a tularemia epidemic in the Urals when the entire population was ordered to trap and skin water rats for their furs.

The Journal of the American Medical Association reported the case of a cat that killed a rabbit, ate part and brought the rest to its two nursling kittens. All three became sick and when their mistress tried to help them, one of the kittens bit her on the hand. The kittens died, the mother cat recovered and so did the mistress after a two month's siege with tularemia.

Dr. Munroe Crawford was called to a Negro cabin near Orangeburg, S. C. where six children ranging in age from 14 months to ten years were ill from what looked at first glance like influenza. The baby was already dead but from the others it was learned that they had found a dead rabbit, cleaned, cooked and eaten it four days previously. The others eventually got well except the ten-year-old boy who succumbed after a month to the pneumonia type of tularemia. There was no infection on the skins of any of them and the disease had been absorbed with the meat which had been cooked "rare." Well done meat, though infected, is not dangerous.

The United States Public Health Service some time ago announced that tularemia afflicted game birds, especially quail.

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How To Improve Your Reasoning

Dr. Laird Offers Three Tests to Show How Good or Bad You Are At "Putting Two and Two Together" and Explains How You May Train Yourself to Handle Life's Problems Better

The Artist Girod Aptly Symbolizes Lack of Reasoning in This Picture of the Man Watering the Stumps of Dead Trees—Test Number 2 Is Calculated to Keep You From Making Such Errors.

Abraham Lincoln Was One of Those, Says Dr. Laird, Who Was on the Slow Side of Developing Perfect Reasoning Power, But by Self-Sacrifice and Tenacity Became One of the Finest Minds in American History. Old Print Showing Lincoln Studying at Night in the Cabin Beside His Mother, Nancy Hanks.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sci.D.,
Author of "Increasing Personal Efficiency" (Harpers) and Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

POOR reasoning leads many people to make jackasses out of themselves. Sometimes the consequences of poor reasoning are serious. In other instances they are simply ludicrous.

Such as the mechanic who had indigestion and went to see his doctor. The physician told the man to stop bolting his food. So the mechanic went home and took the lock off his pantry.

Another man was given a bottle of medicine, and told to take a spoonful in water every two hours. The physician wondered why the man did not get better, and on inquiring about the medicine found that the man would put a spoonful in the bath tub every two hours, and take a bath.

Or consider the two mature women who got out of a New York City bus during rush hours by using the front door, making it difficult for other people who were trying to get in.

"You should use the rear door to get off," the irritated driver told them. So both of the ladies, apparently equally weak in reasoning, got back on the bus and walked the entire length to get off the back.

Just about the same time another middle aged woman in New York took an old family photograph to the photographers to have it copied and enlarged. She wanted to know if in enlarging it they could take the hat off the picture. The photographer told her that could be done, and asked her on which side the hair should be parted.

"You can see when you take his hat off," she snapped.

When an emergency arises, the need for reasoning usually becomes acute. And it is also in emergencies that most folk show their acute lack of sound reasoning.

Late in 1935, for instance, there was a man-sized earthquake at Helena, Montana. Here are some of the senseless things people did during that excitement.

One family, fearful of being killed in their house, jumped into their automobile and drove down the street and parked directly under the tallest tower in town. Fortunately for them, the tower did not fall.

A man, apparently awakened by tremors from a sound sleep, was walking down the street without a stitch of clothing, but in his hand he safely carried an alarm clock.

A guest at the Placer Hotel tried to get out of his room, but the door was jammed and he could not open it. He yelled to the people fleeing down the hall, but they could not hear him. Hopelessly, the man resigned himself to his sure fate, believing that debris piled up outside the door had shut him in the room for his last minutes on earth. After the excitement had died down it gradually dawned on him that he had not unlocked his door.

Not always is the lack of reasoning in a crisis as amusing as in these instances, although lack of somebody's reasoning is the foundation for most jokes that are told, whether dealing with a crisis or not. Many lives have been lost in emergencies because people did not think sensibly or straight. And, for that matter, many grave emergencies have been caused solely by someone not reasoning straight.

The salesman who can't be taught to "use his head," and who has to recite a canned sales talk, like a scratchy phonograph, probably is low in his verbal reasoning.

People who fail in business do so more from poor reasoning and bad judgment than from any other single cause.

Those who have trouble "making up their mind" are often that way because of poor reasoning powers.

Gullible folk who believe any nonsense they are told, are victims of the same weak reasoning.

Sincere people who make foolish investments would more likely have something for their old age if they could reason better.

The philosophers of old used to exalt reason as man's supreme mental power. And also as something which sets mankind on a pedestal above the animals. Reason, they thought, was the keystone of the mind.

Well, reason is important, but not quite as the old philosophers had it figured out. Modern research has shown that animals are pretty similar to the average run of humans in some things which used to be looked upon as reasoning.

And the recent work at the University of Chicago, under the leadership of Professor Louis L. Thurstone, has shown that verbal reasoning is but one of the seven foundation aspects of brain power. There is no evidence that it is the crowning achievement. It is just one-seventh of the brain power factors.

There are several kinds of people who need their reasoning tuned up more than most people do.

For one, there is the person who takes forever to think a thing through. These are the slow thinkers, who think so slowly that often they never come to a conclusion. They need practice in speed—and a lot more confidence in themselves. They may be slowed down by sluggish reasoning, or by inhibiting complexes. In the latter case their reasoning may be good enough, but the hidden complex makes them wavering and indecisive. Or they may be slowed down to a snail's pace in reasoning by not having enough information stored in their poor heads to help them reach a sensible decision.

In contrast is the person who thinks like lightning. This is the trigger-minded person who is just as likely as not to go off half-cocked. These people jump to conclusions, and all heaven and earth cannot get them to change their minds, though they are almost as apt to be wrong as to be right. Psychopathologists call these overspontaneous persons. It is being kind to say that these speedy concluders are usually superficial reasoners. They may be too lazy to give the time or effort to think thoroughly about a question. Or they may be bluffing to convince themselves as well as others that they are efficient.

The ability to reason quickly is often a valuable asset, especially in emergencies such as the one shown in the center of this page. From the rear of a backing switch engine, Brakeman Milton C. Pressey saw 8-year-old Helen Broyles, of Colorado Springs, trapped mid-way on a tressel. There was no time to stop the engine—so, reasoning it out with lightning-like speed, he shouted to the child not to jump, leaned far over with out-stretched hand aimed at the little wrist and snatched her up safely just as the engine thundered by.

The third type of person who needs his reasoning tuned is the person full of biases and prejudices. These people reach their conclusions first, and their alleged reasoning is seldom more than an attempt to justify their biased beliefs. They don't think a thing through—they think backwards, always to justify their whims. They are the reformers in social life, the die-hards in politics, the dilettantes in art and music, the fanatics in religion and diet. They are the people who want revolution, and the people who are dead set against any changes.

Here are some illustrations of their reasonings and amazing conclusions, taken from history of far enough ago so no readers will be insulted:

In 1828 some of the citizens of Lancashire, Ohio, wanted to have a debate in the schoolhouse to talk over railroads. This is what the schoolboard wrote them:

"You are welcome to use the schoolroom to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour by steam, he would have foretold it through his holy prophets."

When Howe exhibited the first sewing machine in Boston, a mob smashed it to pieces as the work of the devil.

After he had developed the first successful reaper for grain, McCormick had to work against odds of prejudiced reasoning for ten years before he sold the first hundred machines.

In its infancy, a half-interest in a certain safety razor went begging for $500.

Centuries before that, people would not believe Galileo, even when they saw him themselves drop a large stone and a light stone from the tower of Pisa, both landing at the same time. The large stone should land sooner, the populace proclaimed, and accused the venerable philosopher of bewitching the weights.

When Jacquard was trying to invent the loom, know-it-alls laughed at him for trying to tie a knot in a stretched string. But Jacquard had the last laugh.

Bath tubs and umbrellas fared ill in their early days from these same springs of prejudiced reasoning. Virginia taxed tubs $30 each, and in Boston a law was passed that persons could use bath tubs only on the prescription of a doctor. In England it was deemed irreligious to shield oneself from the rain.

"Many blunder in business through inability or an unwillingness to adopt new ideas," comments Philip S. Delaney.

A questioning attitude of mind is essential for developing reasoning powers. Not a carping, critical, fault-finding attitude. But the questioning attitude shown by such expressions as "What would happen if," or "Why did this happen?"

William James, who started the psychological work at Harvard University, and who came of a brilliant family, told questioners that he believed the unusual accomplishments of him and his brothers were due to the way they had been handled as children. Their parents egged the children on to puzzle about things, to argue with each other. As Professor James put it, the children "whetted our wits on each other."

The life of Abraham Lincoln is another splendid example of the self-development of brain power through cultivating the reasoning factor of mind. Lincoln almost fell into our first class he was slow, cautious, yet thorough in his reasoning. He trained himself by questioning himself and by practice in thinking through puzzling questions.

A little known incident during the World War illustrates the significance of having a questioning attitude toward even the little things. A detail of soldiers was guarding an Eastern munitions plant. Heavy trucks were constantly passing in the street. One especially heavily loaded truck left a depression of a couple of inches for a length of several feet in the pavement.

"Isn't that odd," most of the guarding soldiers said.

"There is some reason for it," one of them said, and he puzzled over how this could happen at that particular place and no other. Suddenly he got an answer to his question and hurried to report it to his superior officer. On the basis of the one enlisted soldier's reasoning over something all the soldiers had seen, a party was hastily organized to investigate, and they found that the reasoning was correct. Conspirators had planned to blow up vital sections of the ammunition factory, and had succeeded in tunneling almost to their goal. The heavy truck depressed the pavement over their tunnel, but it was an observant and questioning soldier who reasoned and

(Continued on Page 14)

TEST No. 1.

Can You Think of Better Reasons?

1—Children should be sent to school *because* it keeps them out of mischief.
2—It is better to fight than run *because* cowards are shot.
3—You should not give money to beggars *because* it encourages loafing.
4—Traffic keeps to one side of the street *because* most people are right-handed.
5—We judge people by what they do *because* that is more trustworthy than what they say.
6—Child labor should be stopped *because* it takes jobs from older folks.
7—Criminals are locked up *because* we must get even with them.
8—Winter is colder than summer *because* there is more snow in winter.
9—Electrical engineers are paid well *because* they do things which create wealth.
10—A check is better than money *because* the check is cleaner.
11—High mountains have snow all year *because* clouds keep the sun from them.
12—We see no stars at noon *because* they are on the other side of the earth.
13—It is wise to save money *because* we should prepare for sickness or old age.
14—Leap year has one extra day *because* February is a short month.
15—A train is harder to stop than an automobile *because* the train is much longer.

TEST No. 2.

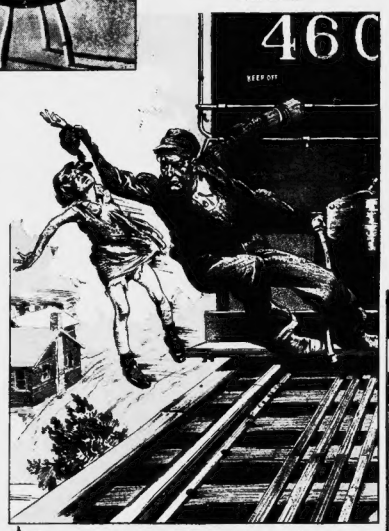
Which of These Pairs of Proverbs Have the Same Meaning?

1—Follow the river and you will get to the sea . . . The middle path is the safe path.
2—Destroy the lion while it is young . . . Get rid of bad habits before they are fixed.
3—Plants oft removed do not thrive . . . A rolling stone gathers no moss.
4—Figs do not grow on thistles . . . Evil ambitions never get you anywhere.
5—Don't believe all the praise you get . . . Flattery is the food of fools.
6—A penny saved is a penny earned . . . Money does not buy everything.
7—One cannot have good luck always . . . It is a long lane with no turn.
8—A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush . . . Better to be content with little than to gamble for lots.
9—Don't cross a bridge until you come to it . . . A watched pot never boils.
10—Meddle not with dirt, for it sticks . . . Association with evil leaves its effect.
11—It takes time to produce value . . . While there's life, there's hope.
12—Attend to trouble before it gets worse . . . A stitch in time saves nine.
13—Don't cry over spilt milk . . . Don't worry about things you can't help.
14—One man's loss is another's profit . . . Look before you leap.
15—Birds of a feather flock together . . . We are known by the company we keep.
16—He who sings drives away sorrow . . . All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

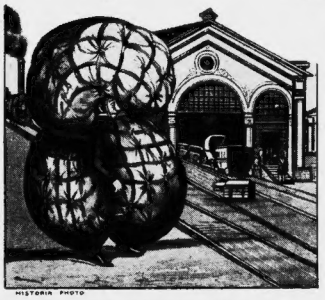
TEST No. 3.

Which of These Relationships Are False?

1—Dress is to girl as suit is to man.
2—Page is to book as cloth is to trousers.
3—Drink is to thirst as food is to mouth.
4—Captain is to ship as governor is to council.
5—Pacifist is to war as socialist is to labor.
6—Lease is to renter as deed is to owner.
7—Lavender is to orchid as pink is to green.
8—Book is to author as statue is to marble.
9—Arc light is to candle as auto is to buggy.
10—Order is to confusion as peace is to war.
11—Food is to body as smoke is to engine.
12—Book is to knowledge as work is to money.
13—Congress is to the U. S. as citizens are to city.
14—Regret is to memory as fear is to anticipation.
15—Peeling is to banana as shell is to egg.
16—Happiness is to love as violence is to hate.
17—Skin is to body as bark is to dog.
18—Above is to below as bottom is to top.



Quick or Snap Reasoning Is a Matter Largely of Instinct Through Experience, and This Drawing of Brakeman Pressey's Rescue of the Little Girl (Described in the Article) Is a Good Illustration of How the Faculty Works.



Accurate Reasoning Sometimes Takes Absurd Forms. When the First Trains Were Run They Weren't Very Comfortable, and a Satiric Artist Drew This Picture to Show How a Passenger Ought to Be Equipped to Withstand Bumps. Inventive Genius Took the Problem in Hand and Produced the Elaborate Shock Absorbers and Contrivances of Today That Make Travel So Smooth.

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Why Exiled Baba's Wrestler-Husband Wants to Be a Rajah

When the Youngest Princess of Sarawak Married Beneath Her Station, Her Papa, the White Sultan, Revoked Her Title, So Now Her Gymnastic Husband Is Buying a Private Island Where His Wife Can Be a Ranee and Get Even With Her Royal Parents

Baba's Oldest Sister Leonora, Who Pleased Her Royal Papa and Mama By Marrying the Dignified and Wealthy Lord Inchcape.

"I WILL be the Rajah and you will be my Queen, the Ranee. We will be democratic rulers and the only laws will be the laws of health. If anyone tries to do anything that is bad for the human constitution, it will be unconstitutional. Our subjects will love it."

When Bob Gregory, English heavyweight wrestler, awoke his bride with that speech on the third morning of their honeymoon, the lovely, demoted Princess Valerie thought he was talking in his sleep, but he wasn't. Ever since the second morning of the honeymoon had been clouded by news that the bride's father, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, white Rajah of Sarawak, Borneo, had cut off her allowance and cancelled her title, the handsome 29-year-old bridegroom's mind had been wrestling with a problem and now he had pinned its shoulders to the mat of his mind.

Mr. Gregory had not cared about the money, because he could make that up to her, but stripping his wife of her title for marrying him that hurt. At first there seemed nothing he could do about it for the reason that any title except heavyweight champion was out of his line, but now he was sure he had the answer and went on with the scheme eagerly.

"We'll buy a big island as near as possible to your father's Sarawak and rule it," he told the 22-year-old blonde whom the natives called the "Dayang" or Princess Baba. "Then you will be a Ranee, which is a bigger and better title than Princess.

"Ranees have to recognize other Ranees even if their two countries are at war. Of course, we would not fight with your father. He has the protection of Great Britain, but I wouldn't make war on my father-in-law anyhow. We'll give him the most-favored-nation treatment, whatever that is, but, at least your mother can't high-hat us."

"I never heard of such a thing," objected Mrs. Gregory. "What do you know about governing a lot of Malays, Dyaks and Chinese?"

"Not a thing," her wrestler husband admitted "but you do from watching your father, and so you can teach me all the grips and the fouls in the game."

The idea grew real in their minds as they discussed it with friends until finally it reached the ears of the august mother-in-law, the Ranee of Sarawak, who was also in London. Her Highness, daughter of the late Lord Esher, permitted a pitying smile to play momentarily on her serene features.

"Such an island costs money," she said, "and my daughter hasn't enough to buy a thimble. Also there are other difficulties. They are either feeling or foolish."

But the newlyweds were quite serious and, even if the ex-Princess had forgotten to save any of her allowance, the unwanted son-in-law is no pauper, making good money as he does from wrestling bouts and from several health-culture gymnasiums in England. Agents in Singapore located for them an island that was large, not too far from Sarawak, had very few inhabitants and could be bought for a most reasonable price.

Unfortunately it belonged to Holland and the conservative Dutch, though glad to have it colonized by anyone who could pay taxes would not hear of any Rajah business. They would continue to rule it by an occasional gunboat visit, until such time as the population should be so large as to warrant a Governor who would be a Dutchman, appointed by Her Majesty the Queen of Holland.

Undiscouraged by that set-back they shopped around until another suitable island was found. They are not revealing which one this is, because the Rajah idea is not copyrighted and some other people with Royal ambitions might outbid them for it. Whatever government controls the second one apparently is willing to let the purchaser become a Rajah, but the price is too high. It is said that they ask a down payment of $50,000 and $5,000 a year for the next 20 years.

Baba's Other Sister, Princess Pearl, who Married a Band Leader and Got the Blessing of the Rajah.

This seemed prohibitive so negotiations were called off, but the other day they were resumed soon after the former Princess discovered that she is about to present her husband with an heir or an heiress. Isn't suppose it is a boy, heir to what? Really, he ought to inherit the title of Rajah Robert II or something or other.

Now if they could only get that island, it might come to pass, provided they could keep up with the instalments so it would not be repossessed by the High Contracting party that owns it. Even if dispossessed, the family could still wear the title as pretenders.

The Gregorys are further encouraged by a large number of letters from persons anxious to join such an adventurous project. Quite a few of them were willing to chip in some real money toward buying the island but unfortunately most of them wanted titles of Rajah or Ranee.

A republic in which everyone is to be a King or Queen has been suggested before, but is not practicable because as soon as everyone has the same title it becomes of no value and unless there is to be some sort of boss King, it would be no more than royal anarchy, yet maybe the thing can be arranged.

The presumptive Rajah Robert I is successfully and profitably wrestling his way up and down the coast of California, with the former Princess and perhaps future Ranee, cheering him from a ringside seat. At Hollywood, an unemployed writer of movie sub-titles and spoken titles offered to invent new titles of nobility, as resounding as any real ones, at $50 per thousand. As samples he submitted the following:

THE GRAND SLAM OF OMAR KHAYYAM
THE DUCHESS OF DAINTINESS
AND DESIRE
LORD WHAT A MAN
THE MARCHIONESS OF MERIT
AND MAZUMA

Since heiresses pay millions for moth-eaten and unpronounceable titles that haven't meant anything for a century or more, these up-to-date ones ought to be bargains at $1,000 each, especially as one would not have to marry anyone to get them. It would only take 50 cash sales to cover the down payment and five each year for the instalments.

Mr. Gregory has no hard feelings against the Rajah who is away off in Sarawak and got his reports and opinions from his Ranee in London. Though not of noble birth Bob comes of a family almost as distinguished as that of his disapproving mother-in-law who has given him written evidence that once she was not so hostile. Bob's great-great-grandfather, Sir Knowles Gregory, was Lord Lieutenant of Scotland, early in the Nineteenth Century. Also the young man is no ignoramus, having studied medicine two years at the University of London before going into the muscle business.

He could forgive the Ranee for taking a dislike to him if it were not for one or two other circumstances. Since both the Rajah and the Ranee had given a not very enthusiastic consent to the marriage of their second daughter, Elizabeth, the Princess Pearl, to Bandmaster Harry Roy, Bob wanted to know if wrestling was a lower form of life than leading a night club band.

Valerie, Whom the Natives Call "Baba," Now an Ex-Princess, but Happy as Plain Mrs. Gregory, Showing a New Hold on Her Muscular and Ambitious English Husband.

The Ranee is said to have replied that it certainly was and besides that he wasn't even a good wrestler. Robert's wrath rose at this. Getting out the records he proved himself not only a good one but the very best in all England, in fact, its heavyweight champion. As a ruler the Rajah of Sarawak would be rated way down in the flyweight division, because he rules over only about 500,000 subjects. However, Bob was too much of a gentleman to bring that up.

Furthermore, it was the Ranee herself who brought this match down on her youngest daughter's head. The mother had seen and admired him so much when he put on a health culture exhibition for the Duke and Duchess of Kent that she invited him to a party at the Cafe de Paris. There she danced with him most of the evening and when he visited her the next day she handed him a copy of one of her books inscribed—"To the Most Interesting Young Man I Know."

Just then in walked the Princess Baba and Gregory says it was love at first sight but for once evidently love was not blind. Instead of telling the pretty girl how wonderful and perfect she was, the muscular Adonis insisted on pointing out a few physical defects. As a result of such rash tactics, it was hate at first sight with Valerie. The Princess' wrath soon melted when she saw that the handsome critic loved her and it wasn't long before she loved him, which justified "the most interesting young man I know" in asking the Ranee's consent.

But that exalted lady now considered him the most outrageous young man she knew and not only floored him with an icy refusal but added that if Valerie should persist in her folly, there would be no dowry and even her allowance would cease.

Supposing the wrestler to be a fortune hunter, she expected this threat, which was confirmed by the Rajah from his steaming hot tropic capital, Kuching, would get rid of him once and for all. But to the Ranee's dismay, it seemed to make no difference. The day was set, with Robert all dressed up at one of his gymnasiums, waiting at the telephone to set out and take his bride to the ceremony.

All day passed, the bouquet wilted in his feverish hands, with no word from the Princess bride. Not until the next day was he able to get the tearful voice of Baba on the telephone. She told him that her mother had informed her just in time that Bob was to be corespondent in an unsavory divorce suit soon to be tried.

It took two days of hard work to make appointments with the estranged husband and wife who told the girl that Gregory had nothing to do with the case. The next thing the Ranee knew they were married and the couple hoped that her reaction, now that it was too late to prevent the match, would be the usual tardy blessing. Instead of it came the bad news about the cash and title.

Leonora, oldest and most beautiful of the three sisters, known to the natives as Princess Gold, married well up to her parents' best expectations. Her husband is Lord Inchcape, wealthy shipping magnate, and in England, mistress of the seas, no business is more honored than keeping its vast commerce going.

They hoped that their second daughter, Elizabeth, Princess Pearl, would do as well, but she fell in love with the popular bandmaster, Harry Roy. When the unhappy Ranee found that nothing would stop the match, she went over to the other side, joining her entreaties with Elizabeth's to get the Rajah's consent. At the last moment it came in the following cablegram:

"All right if no publicity, and why can't the fellow wear his hat straight?"

Whether the dapper bandmaster straightened his hat or not doesn't seem to be known, but apparently it was too late to prevent the wedding being a barbaric affair about as quiet as a circus.

The present Rajah is the old, serious-minded British type that made England—despite of about half the world and, though becoming scarce, there seem to be enough left to hold the Empire together. He and his family have held down their little corner which they conquered for themselves nearly a century ago. Any tourist who becomes boisterous, ostentatious or does anything else to cheapen the white race in the eyes of the natives gets hustled out of Sarawak in a hurry. Even painted fingernails are not tolerated.

It was Mrs. Gregory's great-grand-uncle, Sir James Brooke, the famous "Rajah Brooke" of English history, who carved a tiny kingdom out of the primitive jungle, clearing its interior of head-hunters and its coasts of pirates. Sir James helped Rajah Muda Hassim suppress an uprising, and as a reward the Sultan of Brunei made the English nobleman Rajah of Sarawak—the only white Rajah in the world—in 1842.

The dynamic Brooke drove out the ferocious Malay and Dyak pirates who were the scourge of the Borneo coast and the South China Sea. In 1857 a horde of Chinese attacked Brooke's capital city of Kuching; they seized the government, and Rajah Brooke barely escaped with his life. His nephew, Sir Charles Johnson Brooke, organized an army of Malays and Dyaks and captured the throne back. Later he succeeded his uncle on the throne. In 1888 Sarawak was made a British protectorate, and its governmental troubles were over.

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Queer Schemes For Getting Up in the World

Odd Old Pictures of Gadgets That Anticipated the Airplane, the Elevator and the Moving Staircase

IN ALL the centuries that man was an earthbound creature, he dreamed of the day when he could emulate the agile monkey and the graceful bird. He yearned to travel vertically as well as horizontally.

Today that dream of centuries is a commonplace fact. All over the world people travel on wings and are whisked up and down in elevators and on escalators. Planes roar across continents and over the sea 10,000 feet and more in the air. Aviation engineers say that regular rides through the stratosphere five miles and more above ground are just around the corner.

In ancient and medieval times the dreamers who talked of such man-made wonders and drew crude sketches of their visions were looked upon with suspicion by their fellow men. Some of them were locked up for being "touched in the head." Others angered and discouraged by ridicule, quit their dreaming and tried to content themselves with the world as they found it.

In every age, however, there were a few who carried on in spite of the staggering mechanical difficulties of, literally, getting up in the world. They paid no attention to the people who poked fun at them and their "crazy notions."

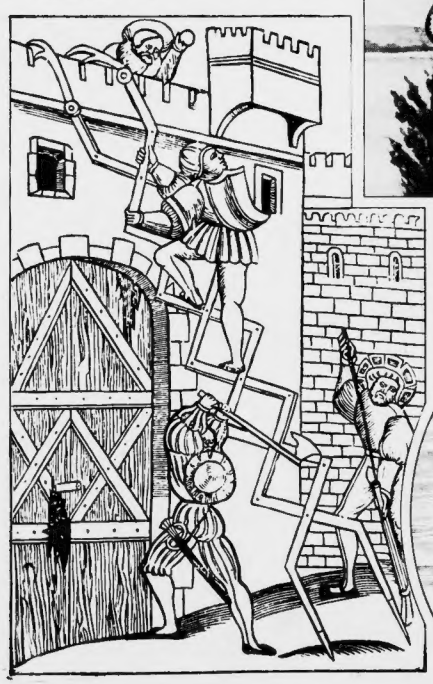
Not all these notions were practical, as the curious collection of pictures on this page shows, but most of them broke the ice for progress by going a step in the right direction.

THE OTTO BETTMANN COLLECTION

BACK in 1880 a Frenchman named Amiot startled and amused his fellow citizens by inviting them to ride on a device that carried them up a circular staircase, as shown in the old print above. They stood, one at a time, on a small platform that moved slowly up and around. The engine that animated this forerunner of the modern escalator was driven by water power. Only a few far-sighted riders were bright enough to tell M. Amiot that "he had something there." Most of them seemed to look upon the invention as a sort of overgrown toy with no contribution to make to the progress of civilization.

This crude version of the efficient moving staircase of today was a far cry, however, from some of the quest elevating contraptions of the Middle Ages, one of which is shown in the old woodcut below.

The picture originally appeared in a book printed in France in 1532 which called the invention the Nuremberg Scissors. The device was one of the "modern" war machines of the early 16th century and was used by the doughboys of the times when they attacked fortified towns and had walls to scale. The ingenious piece of military equipment was collapsed when not in use and toted along with the catapults, battering rams and other impedimenta for inflicting mass murder.



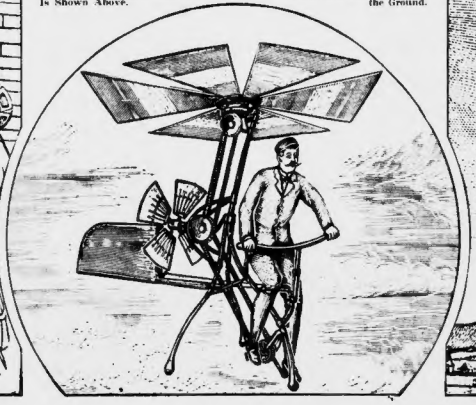
IF THE artist who made the woodcut shown above, to illustrate a 14th century manuscript, knew the inside story of the poet Virgil and a maiden he courted, the picture tells a strange story indeed.

She once invited the ardent writer of rhymed lines to visit her in her tower. She herself, hoisted Virgil up in a wooden tub and then let him down, so to speak, by making the rope fast and leaving him dangling in mid-air.

The old document so quaintly illustrated relates that the object of the poet's affection secretly invited several of Virgil's friends to watch the embarrassing proceedings. It also states that the victim of the prank, while imprisoned in the tub, lost his sense of humor and his tender emotions for the fair practical joker.

The picture directly below shows one of the most futile and fantastic notions for getting up in the world that the human mind ever "dreamed up." It is an artist's conception of a theory held by Cyrano de Bergerac, celebrated for his big nose and his bigger imagination. Cyrano took his quill in hand to do a novel describing a voyage to the moon. He took his fanciful sky ride in no zooming rocket ship, but floated gently moonward when the sun evaporated a supply of morning dew stored in ball-shaped vessels strapped to his waist and his shoulders. Some of his contemporaries said he was only spoofing about the whole thing and that he expected the loud laughter his dew-device evoked.

In One of His Most Expansive Moods, Baron Munchausen, the Prince of Liars, Insisted That He Had Made a Long Air Journey With Ducks as Motive Power. One Version of the Flight Is Shown Above.



Just Before the Turn of the Century an Inventor Named Delprad Built This Impressive, but Impractical, Flying Bike. Despite All His Furious Pedalling, He Never Was Able to Get Off the Ground.

WHO WAS QUETZALCOATL—*Ancient Mexico's One Humane God?*

QUETZALCOATL, "the feathered serpent" was and is a mysterious god. He was worshiped by the Mayas of Central America perhaps centuries before the Christian era. Later he became one of the major divinities of the Toltecs and Aztecs. He was the only thoroughly humane god of these peoples and was considered much in the light of a saviour. His priests tried to stop such atrocious human sacrifices as that shown in the drawing above, which is by a Spanish artist of the Conquest. Here Dr. C. T. Ramos, famous Mexican archeologist, tells of new discoveries about him.

Although Quetzalcoatl Forbade Human Sacrifices, Apparently His Priests Underwent Self-Torture for Purposes of Purification and Penance. This Bas-Relief from Central America Shows a Priest of Kukulcan (the Mayan Name for Quetzalcoatl) Pulling a Thorn-Studded Rope Through a Cut in His Tongue.

The Head of the Duck-Billed Statue of Quetzalcoatl, "the Enlightened God," Who Probably Started Out as a Human Being. Photograph by the Mexican Department of Monuments. Copyright Strictly Reserved.

The Discovery of a Strange, Duck-Billed Statue, the Only One of Its Kind Ever Found, Throws New Light Upon the Mysterious Deity Who Was the "Saviour" of the Mayas and Aztecs Centuries Before the White Man Came to America

The Newly Discovered Duck-Billed Statue of the God Quetzalcoatl Which Has Aroused Such Interest in Archeological Circles; a Side View. Photograph by the Mexican Department of Monuments and Copyright Strictly Reserved.

By DR. CESAR TIZARDI RAMOS,
Distinguished Mexican Archeologist. With Photographs from the Mexican Department of Monuments. Copyright Strictly Reserved.

AROUND about Quetzalcoatl, the "feathered serpent," god and creator, civilizer and dispenser of good of many ancient tribes of Mexico, legend, myth and tradition have woven a romantic but vague history, through which it is not easy to pierce or even perceive with sufficient clarity what may be true and what may be imaginary about this deity.

Was he a divinity invented by the imagination of a tribe with moral aspirations higher than all of their contemporaries? Was he a god-like man? Was he the incarnation of a wise religious belief? Who was this Quetzalcoatl?

Until now it has been impossible to answer with certainty any of these questions, although the weight of general opinion inclines to the belief that Quetzalcoatl originally was a living man and priest.

But there is one thing certain: when the Spaniards arrived in Mexico in 1519, they found that the cult of Quetzalcoatl extended over a wide territory and embraced many tribes of Central America and Mexico. They observed that the god was the most reverenced and loved of all. Much later it was found that his worship extended as far as Yucatan and Guatemala, where he was known as Kukulcan and Gucumatz, names having the same meaning as Quetzalcoatl, "feathered or plumed serpent."

His priests were influential and respected. His temples were many in the Mexican and Mayan region and usually were built cylindrical or circular in plan, proving the testimony of the Conquistadors who were familiar with them, testimony which has been brilliantly corroborated by archeology in the recent discovery of a strange bird-beaked statue of Quetzalcoatl at the foot of the circular temple of Calixtlahuaca.

This discovery, made by the archeologist Jose Garcia Payon, is one of the most important of modern times.

The most curious feature of the statue is its duck bill. Quetzalcoatl was supposed to have had the attributes of the bird and the snake as his name indicates. But why the ancient sculptors should have chosen to give the "plumed serpent" a beak instead of feathered wings or even a snake-like body is not known. None of the archeologists who have examined the statue have been able to give a satisfactory explanation of the beak.

It is carved from the stone called "andesite" and was found buried in the terrace of the Temple of Quetzalcoatl at Calixtlahuaca near the stairway on the southeast side of that enormous structure, which is built of a number of cones, layer upon layer. The statue was found in fragments that were piled in their correct positions which showed that its burial was intentional.

The latter bears out some of the earlier descriptions of the images of Quetzalcoatl. Father Diego Durin, for example, in his "History of the Indies of New Spain and the Islands of Terra Firma" gave a detailed description of the god. He stated that the one he saw at Cholula, in the present State of Puebla, was of wood and had a human figure, but the face of a bird, since it had a beak with crests and protuberances like the mallard of Peru. He adds that it had rows of teeth and a hanging tongue, that it wore a pointed "mitre" and that half the face was painted yellow, while near the eyes was a "black band."

Senor Garcia Payon told me that the statue discovered by him still retains traces of this band. He also explained that as the statue represents an unclothed man wearing only an Indian "taparrabos" or loin-cloth, it is possible that the image was dressed by the priests in the temple for ceremonial purposes. It may be that the priests dressed their god as a bird with plumes and feathers which partly explains the duck beak.

Senor Garcia Payon has also fixed the date of the statue as having been carved by the Matlatzincas, the ancient inhabitants of Calixtlahuaca. It was destroyed by the Aztecs and was finally buried by the Matlatzincas in the period from 1476 to 1510 A. D. It is one of the very few statues of Quetzalcoatl ever found.

Much has been contributed to the doubt and uncertainty about the character, origin and history of Quetzalcoatl by the chroniclers of the era immediately following the Conquest of Mexico, who were confused by the various personalities attributed to him as god, king, chief warrior, magician, the deity representing the planet Venus and the many and diverse priests who bore the name of Quetzalcoatl. That there were so many personages is well revealed by a careful reading of ancient Mexican history.

An example will suffice here: in his "Indian Monarchy," Torquemada spoke of some strangers or "foreigners" who arrived by way of the Panuco River, saying that the chief's name was Quetzalcoatl. On the other hand Yucatan chronicles and Bishop Landa speak of a Quetzalcoatl or Kukulcan who arrived at the Yucatan peninsula perhaps about the 10th or 11th Century and founded at Mayapan a renowned temple.

But tradition gives one to understand that the "foreigners" were from remotest times and the legends of their arrivals were doubtless brought up-to-date every so often by the tribes they left behind. Perhaps a whole succession of daring adventurers, all worshipers of Quetzalcoatl, left their homes in early times to found settlements along the Mexican coast, adopting as a name the name of their god.

The traditions that consider Quetzalcoatl exclusively as a god seldom take into account any story of his origin. One of these, contained in the Zumarraga Codice, describes Quetzalcoatl as one of four sons of the original gods who created the earth, Tonacatecuhtli and Tonacacihuai. Quetzalcoatl and the other gods, his parents or sons or brothers, are supposed to have created the sun, the heavens, the earth, the water and men.

Another legend describes Quetzalcoatl as the son of Iztacmishcoatl and his wife Chimalma; another says he is the son of the hunter and warrior Camaxtli, adored over all in Tlaxcala; another attributes his birth to a miracle when Chimalma, sweeping the temple in Coatepec, the "Hill of the Serpent," found on the floor a precious green stone, she gathered it up and guarded it in her bosom. Then, seeking the stone, she could not find it and at the same time felt that she had mysteriously conceived. The child to which she gave birth was Quetzalcoatl. The same origin is attributed by tradition to Huitzilopochtli, god "par excellance" of the Tenochcas, the inhabitants of Tenochtitlan.

But this sort of tradition is more or less discounted in the practical life of Quetzalcoatl: his character, generosity, wisdom, continence and temperance.

All the testimonies concerning him agree that he was a good god, the one humane god of ancient Mexico. They also credit him with being the inventor and reformer of the calendar, co-inventor of fire, creation (with other gods) of the skies, the earth, water, the sun; inventor of mechanical arts and sciences; organizer and ruler of religions and beliefs, establisher of fasting, penitence and piety. He was also the originator of cleanliness (as being next to godliness), says one tradition, for at midnight he would arise from his couch to purify his body with water.

Always was he chaste and clean and abhorred human sacrifices. He would never even permit animal sacrifices, but would accept flowers and fruits and seeds.

Another detail of his character was his aversion to war. Torquemada says the legend was that Quetzalcoatl covered his ears when in his presence war was spoken of.

This distaste for sacrifices and war explains, in part, his prolonged struggles with Tezcatlipoca, a cruel warrior god, related to the moon, fights which were represented in the movements of the moon and of Venus. There are those who believe that the traditional enmity between Tezcatlipoca and Quetzalcoatl, enlarged upon and picturesquely described by Sahagun, symbolize the fight of a priestly faction—pacifist, prudent and relatively intelligent against an arrogant and dominating military group.

At least, in the times of the reign of the last Toltec king, Huemac, there was a bitter fight between these groups, as indicated in the "Annals of Cuauhtitlan." This fight has the same characteristics of the one described in the Zumarraga Codice, or picture manuscript, between Tezcatlipoca and Quetzalcoatl in the sky. The first of these gods took his place on the sun, but the second tried to beat him off with a big stick. Then, Tezcatlipoca gave him a kick and sent him back to earth. This is a miniature of religious myth and astronomical conjecture.

Most of the chroniclers agreed that Quetzalcoatl governed in Tollan, the capital of the principality of the Toltecs. Here he had his palaces and houses "of precious green stones" decorated with plumes and shells. Under his government the Toltecs found great peace and prosperity.

But one day his enemies—Tezcatlipoc, Titlacahuan and Tohueyo plotted against him and led him into a tricky situation such as trapping him into drinking too much pulque, the intoxicating drink distilled from the agave plant. Quetzalcoatl drank and got drunk. This made him very sad. He left Tollan accompanied by his dwarfs and freaks, preceded by musicians playing the flute. He buried his treasures at Tula, his precious stones and his gay plumes.

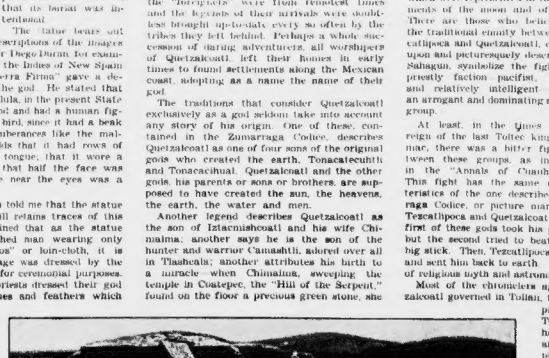
On the road he did prodigious things. He left impressions of his hands on rocks, and cleft a huge tree in twain with his arrow. Some say that in passing Cholollan he decided to stay and govern this city, which he did for twenty years. When his time was up, he left for the coast along the gulf of Mexico. There he constructed "a raft made of serpents" and used it to travel to Tlapallan, the "City of the Sun."

Some believed Quetzalcoatl to have been a man, for when he arrived at Calixtlahuaca, his stature, white color, large eyes and abundant beard were all noted carefully. We hear of him as being the chief of a city who came to the country and who civilized the tribes in the neighborhood.

A picture in the Vatican Codice 3773 shows Quetzalcoatl in front of a turreted house with a black rubber ball beside him. The archeologist Eduard Seler says that this shows Quetzalcoatl to be the god of the Ulmecas, the "Men of the Rubber Country."

Thus he was not only the god of Tollan and the Ulmecas but also god of Cholollan where a great temple, one of the most famous in Mexico, was dedicated to him.

When in 1519 Hernan Cortes and his followers arrived in Mexico, the Indian chief Montezuma sent him presents of gems and plumes and images of the god Quetzalcoatl. The timid chief thought that these white men, most of them bearded, were the descendants of Quetzalcoatl, fulfilling the prediction made by the god, when, leaving for the House of the Sun (the Tlapallan myth) in the east, he said that his descendants would one day return to rule over the land he had left behind.



Quetzalcoatl Was Also God of the Air, and All the Temples Built in His Honor Were Circular, Symbolizing the Vaulted Roundness of the Sky. It Was in Front of the Temple at Calixtlahuaca, Shown Above, That the Statue of the Duck-Billed God Was Found.

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"I Lived With Gorill

Concluding Chapter of the Adventures o Naked and Unarmed, Says He Invade the Gigantic Apes, Was Adopted by Them, Then Torn Away as the Long-Sought "Missing Link," and Ended His Experiment as a "Gorilla God"

Medicine Men of the Jungle of the African Gorilla Country in Their Grotesque but, to the Natives, Sacred and Awe-Inspiring Trappings—and It Is One Such as These That Du Berrie Describes in This Concluding Chapter of His Strange Narrative.

By JEUAN Du BERRIE,

M. B., A. M. T., F. Z. S., Well-Known Naturalist, Adventurer and Explorer, Who Was Shot and Captured in the Jungle As the "Missing Link."

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CHAPTER IV.

I WAS appalled at the grotesqueness and ugliness of the warriors who were met together to decide my fate. They sat there silently, tall spears in their hands, some with plaited shields of wicker-work over their arms, and their gashed faces stared at me with expressions of the most diabolical malevolence. I felt that it was useless to hope for mercy from such a savage and bloodthirsty assembly. One word from the Chief, and they would all fall upon me like so many hungry jackals and tear me to pieces.

The Chief himself sat enthroned in the center of the throng, on the stump of a dead tree. In striking contrast to the naked, glistening bodies of his followers, he was draped in a leopard skin and ornamented with a cloak of feathers which, although dirty and draggled, gave him a certain air of magnificence. He was an old man, very emaciated and wrinkled.

At one time he must have been a colossus in stature, but disease had eaten away the healthy flesh and now he was very near to death. I had already noticed that nearly every member of the tribe was suffering from some disease or sickness, and almost every warrior had his chest covered with running sores.

Don't let anyone persuade you that savages are healthier than city people, even dwellers in the slums. Civilized man in the city is living an artificial life, compared to that of gorillas and other animals, but it is infinitely more suitable to a human being than is the abominable existence of most savages.

This community was one entire tribe in itself ruled by the Chief, who in turn, was dominated by the Witch Doctor. This magician made his living by compounding and selling ju-ju, that is, talismans and concoctions which would do anything from making corn grow abundantly to giving a customer immunity from wounds in battle.

At least half the time the "magic" does not work but this never made anyone suspicious. The Witch Doctor explained, and nobody doubted him, that the customer's enemy must be using a more powerful ju-ju. Of course, the only way to beat that was to buy a still more potent (and more expensive) talisman from the Witch Doctor who actually made bigger profits when his magic failed than when it seemed to work.

The Chief and his medicine man were both skeletons but with a difference. The Chief was wasting away from disease but what kept the other so skinny I do not know because he was brimming with vitality and malice. The magician was the most revolting looking man in Africa's most revolting tribe. He would have been that naturally, but he had improved on Nature considerably.

For one thing he had given himself a coat of red paint all over and added such touches as sticking porcupine quills through his nose and three brass rings through his upper lip. Being in full ceremonial regalia he had a pair of crocodile bladders bouncing behind his ears, a necklace of human teeth around his neck and about a dozen human skulls dangling from his waist. But what impressed me most was that he stood before the Chief for nearly a quarter of an hour, balanced on one foot, which is no easy thing to do.

The old Chief, sick and weary, didn't care how I was to be put to death. The only argument was between the Witch Doctor and some of the more important warriors who spoke vehemently in favor of their pet ideas of torture. In their efforts to be eloquent these speakers put in enough pantomime to give me a clear idea of what was ahead.

One was to be drowned in slowly-rising water, a more popular method was to burn me at the stake but the one that got the most votes was to bury me all but my head, build a circle of fire around my head and gradually move the embers closer, after filling the intervening space with scorpions.

That would certainly be bad enough, but to my further dismay, it did not satisfy that fiendish Witch Doctor who demanded something different and in the end got his way. For perhaps an hour I watched the old devil adding herbs and Heaven-knows-what-else to a calabash, simmering over a slow fire, all the time hooting, shrieking or buzzing like a swarm of bees. Finally he brought the mysterious soup to me and motioned that I was to drink it. I took a very little into my mouth and finding it bitter, like quinine, spat it out.

This was foolish, because I might as well have gulped the poison down, hoping for a quick death. However, it made no difference. Warriors seized me and pried open my jaws, while the Witch Doctor poured his brew into my mouth. I had to swallow it or strangle.

After it was down I felt as if I had been bitten by a cobra. My body seemed to become numbed and paralyzed, and my legs refused to bear me. I staggered helplessly before the watching assembly and my senses swam. From a long way off, as it seemed, I could see the grinning face of the Witch Doctor, dimly, as through a veil, while the steady throb of the distant tom-tom seemed to beat in my ears and become a part of my reeling brain. I thought this my last moment and was thankful that it was not to last long.

Then a queer thing happened. Instead of dying, I felt the first effects passing away. My brain cleared, my eyes focused and soon I felt free from pain, strong, stimulated. It occurred to me that I had been given some sort of ordeal by poison and had passed the test. They whispered and gazed at me with awed wonder and finally they led me back to my hut, quite respectfully. Intoxicated with the drug, I imagined that my troubles were over but it was merely out of the frying pan into the fire.

For the moment, however, my status was so improved that they let me sleep that night unbound and for once gave me enough food and water, but I was guarded with no chance to escape. In the morning the old Chief came and made a most courteous speech of which I understood not a word, but from the fact that he held one finger up against the sun, guessed correctly that I was about to be taken on a one-day journey somewhere.

Off we went, the Witch Doctor and about 100 warriors, carrying spears, together with their wives carrying various burdens which later turned out to be vegetable foods and also a large amount of meat, which I identified by its putrid smell. Though I didn't know it then, we were headed for the "Place of the Gods." Later I learned the tribe's religious beliefs.

African Women "Decorating" With a Tribal Design of Scars the Back of One of Their Maidens Entering Womanhood; Those of the Savages Who Captured Du Berrie Had Their Faces, He Says, Disfigured With the Same Hideous We of the

Everyone believed in one supreme deity who had created the universe but nobody ever worshiped, prayed to him or paid him the slightest attention. This was because after creating the universe he went away and never bothered to see how it was running. In a careless moment this Number One God had also created some evil spirits who had to be constantly bribed and coaxed into not injuring people. Also, for a consideration, they would injure a person's enemy.

All this was accomplished through sacrifices and talismans, with the aid of the Witch Doctor. The evil spirits who had to be treated as gods appeared in the form of animals and there was a holy spot where the tribe, at intervals, put itself on the right side of these vicious deities by large presents of food. I was a part of that present.

The "Place of the Gods" was a space of several acres in the forest, through which ran a sluggish stream. This "god sanctuary" was fenced off with a few rails and other crude obstructions, but what kept human beings out, except on such occasions as this, was a

as" by Jeuan Du Berrie

f a French Naturalist Who, l the Jungle Homes of

ts. At the Left Is a Medicine Man's Mask Baboon Region.

"She was a helpless 14-year-old girl doomed to punishment. Her eyes were glassy and stared like those of a person in a trance, as she was led to the water's edge. The savage then seized her, raised her aloft like a sack and, with a grunt, hurled her into the stream. The splash brought ugly snouts and cruel eyes to the surface. The crocodiles got their meat—fresh and alive."

Among Other Things a Chief Could Not Do, Says Du Berrie, Was to Go Blind and, if This Happened, He Was Led Away to a Corner and Left to Die of Thirst and Starvation. Above Is a Photograph of One of These Unfortunate Deposed Rulers.

series of fetishes, supposed to bring down death and disaster on all trespassers.

We reached the spot late in the afternoon and at once the warriors went into a dance that must have lasted two hours. The Witch Doctor meanwhile busied himself brewing a quantity of concoctions in a lot of calabashes which the women had brought along. Every few minutes a warrior would rush up, take a drink from a calabash and return to the dance.

Evidently the stuff contained drugs, because as time passed the dancers staggered and acted more and more like drunken men. Finally the Witch Doctor brought the dance to its end with an unearthly screech. As everyone watched, he threw a handful of human knuckle bones into the air and carefully studied how each one fell. The message being favorable, according to his interpretation, they went into the next stage which, as I was by no means pleased to find, dealt with me.

The diabolical old skeleton hopped over to me carrying a bowl full of red powder which had been handed to him by one of the women. The way the women hovered around the man, handing him things and relieving him of others, struck me as a sort of travesty of the way nurses assist a surgeon in the operating room. Buzzing, whistling and clicking, he dusted me all over with the red powder, which stuck and dissolved until presently I was blood-red from top to toe.

Strips of talismans, little clay figures, bits of shell, teeth and bones were hung on me together with garlands of flowers, and a carved horn was placed in my hand. All these things gave me the unpleasant feeling that I was being dressed for sacrifice.

In response to the Witch Doctor's command, a poor, bedraggled goat, with a broken horn was produced. I did not see the animal on the march but anyway there he was. The dreadful master of ceremonies proceeded to cut the goat's throat, catch its life-blood in a calabash, and invited me to drink it. Knowing what refusal meant I closed my eyes drained it at one draught. Fortunately, it didn't make me sick.

Cries of approval greeted this act and I was led to a clearing on the bank of that sluggish stream which looked like a crocodile lair. Before I had time to wonder what was coming next I smelled it. Turning around, I saw behind me women depositing on the ground that putrid meat while others set down their burdens of fruit and vegetables. Luckily that meat was food for the gods, not me. The Witch Doctor then made me a long, earnest speech, accompanied by gestures, grimaces, screams and howls. Already, I had begun to pick up a word or two of the tribe's limited vocabulary but mostly I got the meaning from pantomime and a sort of telepathy which one soon acquires in the wilds.

Briefly, he was telling me that the gods would soon be coming and that I had the honor of feeding them and performing any other services they might require. I must not think of running away because the place was closely guarded by warriors who would promptly impale me on a spear. My first duty had something to do with bringing the meat down to the water's edge. After that they left me to the silence and growing darkness where for some time I sat in a daze until roused by a faint bleating nearby.

The sound led me to the entrance of a cave, where I found a kid, tethered by a leather thong to a peg. I wondered if any of the gods lived inside and just then I heard one coming.

It was an enormous python. The reptile, whose gorgeous blue, green and gold markings were scarcely perceptible in the gloom, must have been quite thirty feet long, and I stood, a fascinated spectator, quite powerless to intervene, while it made its slow, determined way towards its prey, the tethered kid. Slowly, deliberately, occasionally pushing out its forked tongue, it came undulating over the wet ground, making a soft, slithering noise as it crushed the lianas beneath its great weight.

Slowly and more slowly it advanced, until its head was about two feet from its cowering victim, and then coil by coil it brought up the rest of its body until it was in the shape of a spring. Poised in this way it lifted its head a foot from the ground, receded its neck into the shape of a letter "S," and then straightened it again. It repeated this manoeuvre many times. Then at last it moved slowly forward until it touched the hindmost part of its victim with its forked tongue. This tongue, incidentally, contains no venom but acts solely as a "feeler."

With its feeler-tongue the python worked slowly along the spine of the kid, which by now was completely paralyzed with fear and made no attempt to move, until it reached the skull and the nose. Then, as the flickering tongue went up one nostril and the little creature moved convulsively, almost too quickly for me to see, the python threw two or three of its coils round the ribs of its victim. I could hear a sound like the crushing of an egg-shell. The kid's ribs were broken, its heart burst, and it was killed in less than the twinkling of an eye.

The python now held the dead prey in its scaly coils until all convulsive movement had ceased. This was a long time, far longer than might be imagined. Then it slowly uncoiled itself and felt all over the shapeless mass of bones and skin with its tongue.

When it eventually reached the broken mouth of the kid, the reptile's jaw gaped wide open, and it began the slow, tedious business of swallowing its prey. This process, which may go on for hours, fascinated me because it was so deliberate and automatic. The jaw gaped with its eight rows of back receding teeth, and, by a muscular action of the powerful neck, the mouth was pushed over the snout of the kid. In response to this effort rippling convolutions went down the whole length of the reptile's body.

Having finally swallowed the kid, horns and all, the great snake passed on into the cave, with only a cold glance at me. At least this god seemed to know its victim from its servant, which was something. However, I lost no more time in climbing a baobab tree for the rest of the night.

At dawn, I descended and was attracted to the stream, but did not take a drink because guttural barks coming from what appeared to be logs warned me that they were crocodiles. I noticed, as I watched the crocodiles, that many small birds were stepping delicately in and out of their mouths, eating the insects and leeches which were caught between the rows of sharp teeth. These small creatures are, I believe, known as leech-birds. The crocodiles never attempted to molest them, remaining with open jaws while the living tooth-picks went about their work, and the birds did what they liked, hopping from fang to fang, picking insects from the very eyes of the reptiles and walking with impunity along their scaly backs.

For a time I stood fascinated by the apparently peaceful sight which I saw before me, until all at once I realized that several of the larger crocodiles were moving slowly towards me, champing their jaws, blinking their eyes, and gently waving their long, plated tails. At the same time I heard in the distance a low, plaintive wail. It came, presumably, from the native guards who were invisibly watching me, and I took it to be a signal: the time had come for me to feed the gods.

Accordingly, I began to throw chunks of the reeking meat to the waiting crocodiles, and immediately, as I hurled them into the stream, the water was lashed to boiling point. Everywhere were snapping jaws and flailing tails; the scaly monsters leapt almost out of the water in an effort to secure the choicest portions; the air was filled with the sound of flying spray, and clamping teeth and crashing bodies. Each crocodile, as it obtained a piece of meat, threw it up high in the air and caught it at the back of the throat, a necessary preliminary to swallowing. Every crocodile fought wildly for more than its rightful share. And what a banquet they had!

I was only too glad of an excuse to get rid of all that foul meat, so the crocodiles got it all, regardless of possible rights of other gods.

There would never be any bond of friendship

(Continued on *Page 14*)

Men as Her Stepping-Stones

by Maysie Greig

Released From Supporting Her Stepmother, Sally Finds a New World Outside the Slums

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

SALLY CARBON, beautiful red-headed girl of the New York slums, supports her drunken moral old stepmother on the $12 a week she makes in a brush factory. The old lady urges her to use men as her "stepping-stones" to luxury but Sally, believing her self in love with worthless Jeff Brown, is too idealistic. But when a more handsome wealthy Bruce Peyton and Jeff is arrested for stealing his wallet Sally is forced to start compromising with her ideals: she accepts Bruce's offer to drop the case against Jeff if she will spend the week-end with him at his country home.

In the country for the first time in her life, Sally finds a wonderful new world longs to belong to it but never happiness is marred by her bargain with Bruce. However, Bruce, falling in love with Sally and seeing her distress refuses to take advantage of her. Sally finds she is in love with Bruce not Jeff. But when Bruce's society friends turn up and snub her she realizes she has no place in his world. Despite his assertion to them that he is to marry Sally, she returns to the city resolved not to be a liability to him.

Jeff turns up in a jealous rage and tells Sally he will kill Bruce. Sally hurries to Bruce's apartment to warn him and Bruce disarms Jeff and throws him out, he implores Sally to marry him but when his mother comes in and snubs her deliberately Sally gives up her dream of love and wealth with Bruce and goes back to her home in the slums.

Whenever Mr. Perryman Came Up Behind Sally, a Caress in His Voice and in the Hand He Laid on Her Arm, Sally Would Feel the Cold Blue Eyes of Miss Mason Upon Her.

CHAPTER X.

Release.

SALLY went by trolley-car She sat crouched in a corner, and she didn't unusually crouch But she had a feeling that night, as though life were too powerful for her It was crushing down upon her, beating her bruising her Could she go on with the fight"

It has always been a fight" she thought "And tonight I'm sick and tired of fighting"

It would have been so easy to give in to Bruce, so fatally easy to have allowed him to take her in his arms to take her whole future into his hands

If I hadn't loved him so much I would have done it," she thought "I wouldn't have cared then what he would have suffered when people jeered at me his wife I wouldn't have cared that I didn't know how to dress or how to act in swell society I would have let him take the brunt and just enjoyed myself and spent his money. But if you love a person you can't do that It isn't so much that you want to put them first but something goes if you misuse you put them first

What was Bruce doing now" she wondered. Talking with his other probably What would he say about her how would he explain her"

Mo hers of men in Bruce's position smiled indulgently over little girls like her That is, they smiled indulgently so long as the man didn't want to marry the girl, but if he did, their smile changed, their whole attitude changed, the claws showed through their softly-padded fingertips

Then the battle was on, a fierce, relentless battle The girl could fight, too but she couldn't fight with their weapons she hadn't them at her command She couldn't fight if she loved the man, either Loving a man seemed to take away one's ability to fight

Sally got off the car at the corner of 1st street and walked slowly down towards Allerton Place She was conscious of a curious emptiness, as though nothing were real any longer, as though nothing mattered. There were people in the streets, buses, cars, autos but they no longer seemed real She seemed to be walking in a world which held only herself

She didn't cry This thing which had happened to her, her meeting with Bruce, their incredible escapade, the growth of her love for him, their parting were things too deep for tears. One cried at little stupid things not when one's soul was twisted in an agony of despair

She walked into the house and up the staircase. She was almost into the room before she became aware that there were other people there, men and women standing about talking in whispers

She stared at them "What are you all doing here?" she demanded

"It's your stepmother, dear" one of the women said Her eyes were red as though she had been weeping "She was taken queer tonight, a heart attack the doctor said it was We brought her here but " she gulped audibly, "I'm afraid she's gone, dear"

"Yes, she's gone, dear," another woman sobbed, and gulped too

Sally pushed past them into the room Lying on the bed was the lifeless form of her stepmother She went white and rigid The woman who had first spoken came up and put an arm about her.

"There, there, dear," she said, "don't take on. The doctor's been here and issued the certificate You'd best come home with me tonight. We'll see you through, dear"

"Thank you," Sally muttered But she continued to stand staring down at the still figure on the bed She felt the eyes of everyone in the room upon her. She knew they were waiting to see her cry, but she couldn't cry

And suddenly she felt a fierce sense of rebellion Why should she cry for this drunken old woman who had preyed upon her and her slender earnings for years" She had felt it her duty to look after her stepmother since her father died, but the old woman had been a curse about the young girl's neck She turned abruptly away from the bed

"I guess I'm hard," she thought "I guess I'm rotten if I can't cry, but life has made me hard and if I don't feel like it why should I cry" These others who are crying have no sense of grief"

But she sensed keenly that they were staring at her disapprovingly because she didn't cry

SALLY'S stepmother was buried, The simple funeral had taken place that afternoon. Sally sat now in the dingy room they had shared for so many years and looked about her

Home Incredible fantastic place to call home' Home was a name for soft, pleasant places happy paces for lovely stately homes in gardens with green lawns in front of them trees behind them . Places like Bruce's home in the country

She stiffened slightly She mustn't think of that She had severed all connections with that brief bitter-sweet episode She had her life to get on with But suddenly she was bitterly resentful

Why should all the good things of life be withheld from her" Wasn't she ever to get a chance" She had never had a chance She had been born and reared in this environment A father who had been unable to drink and a mother who had been too tired or too busy to pay much attention to Sally Then her mother's death and later her father's marriage to this awful woman who had died Sally had started working when she was still a child She had known nothing but long days abut indoors at the brush factory

She had imagined other things Yes dreamed of them constantly and once for a few brief hours with Bruce, she had sampled them But she had sampled them in a way which had brought but pain Once she had imagined she loved Jeff

But I hadn't the experience to see him for what he was" she thought "I hadn't the heart to see him for what he was I wanted love I was so lonely"

But now she was through with Jeff and suddenly she knew that passionately she wanted her chance She didn't want to go on all her life as a girl of the slums. She wanted to live in a different environment

She was through with Allerton Place She was through with the life she led She wouldn't go to the brush factory to work in the morning She wouldn't if she had to starve She would do something, anything to get out of this and to find a place for herself in the other world li. Bruce's world

The next morning she told them at the brush factory that she was giving up her job The matron, who looked after the health and welfare of the girls strongly advised her against the step she was taking

"You'll be in relief" she prophesied "and I thought you had too much pride for that What are you aiming for? You've got a good job here"

Suddenly Sally threw back the lock of copper hair that swept her brow and laughed aloud

"A good job"" she said "A job that scarcely gives me enough money to eat and pay the few dollars a week for my rent. A job that shuts out the sunlight from me day-after-day. A job that's making me old before I've ever been young. Safety, security--yes, I had need of those once-- You see, I had someone dependent upon me, my stepmother, but now I have no one and if I starve, well, that's my funeral' And I'd rather starve in trying to get out of here and making a decent life for myself than live like this all my days"

The matron shook her head but not unkindly

"You're a silly girl, Sally Where can you go" What can you do" Of course, if you're thinking of men " her eyes narrowed, her lips tightened

Sally drew herself up proudly, defiantly "I'm not thinking of using men as my stepping-stones," she said "Other girls do, but I won't"

The older woman shook her head as though she didn't believe her

Sally went on fiercely, "Most of the girls who have left this place have used men to get on They've done it because they had to But I'm through with men

"You can't do much about the matron said rigidly "No girl can without money or influence

"But life must give one a chance," Sally cried sharply "It can't allow you to be born and not give you a chance"

CHAPTER XI.

Sally's New World.

TO make a place for oneself in Bruce's world . . easy to say easy to believe that one could before one started to do it not so easy, once one had started to do it

Sally applied for one job after another She must get a job where she could learn, where she would be closely in touch with the people with whom Bruce mixed

But always she was given the same reply. So sorry, they had already engaged someone

"What's wrong with me"" she thought desperately "Is it my clothes, the way I talk, or because I haven't had any experience?"

They'd ask for references and when she mentioned the brush factory they'd smile slightly, and then the inevitable words. "So sorry, but we have practically engaged someone else" It was a heartrending business "You'd think" she thought bitterly, "I wanted to steal something, not to work"

And then late one afternoon, she went into Perryman's, the florist shop

Passing it, she had seen a small discreet notice in the window

ASSISTANT WANTED

She stood still and stared at it From it, her eyes wandered about the window and she gave a tiny gasp of sheer delight

The loveliness of it'

Bowls of slender rosebuds red rosebuds secret whorls of scented flame, yellow rosebuds the yellow of a pale golden sunset, white rosebuds, their primly coiled petals looking like the stiff starchy petticoats of some old-fashioned debutante Chrysanthemums masses of them all colors some as big as cabbages Carnations, proud and stately somehow managing to look faintly superior and better bred than the rest of the flowers

"How wonderful to live amongst these flowers, to work amongst them!" she thought

She turned into the shop Lovely inside cool and scented The carpet was grey the chairs leather and chromium, the tables glass and chromium. The walls were a pale silver-grey too, a quiet, tasteful background for the riotous blooms that stood about in immense vases.

A girl assistant in pale green overalls approached Sally

"Yes"" she asked "What can I do for you""

Sally clutched the handle of her bag tightly

"I I came to apply for the job," she said.

The girl's face changed, the friendly smile went

"Did you"" she said "Then you'd better come into the office"

Sally followed her "If only," she thought, "I could get this job! This is the sort of job I want, the sort I must have I'd learn so much here And it would be heavenly working all day amongst these flowers

She was led into a small office at the back of the showroom A, dark-haired woman was sitting behind a desk

"This girl," said the assistant who had brought her in, "has come to apply for the position"

The woman raised her head and looked at Sally Sally felt herself being taken in from head to foot She felt desperately self-conscious and it was a new experience for her

"What experience have you had in the flower trade"" the woman asked

Sally shook her head. "None," she replied, "but " she drew a deep breath, "I've always loved flowers"

The woman smiled faintly, superciliously "Many people love flowers, but that doesn't say they are able to handle them"

Sally took a step forward "Let me try," she begged "I I'm sure I could learn"

The woman's thin lips tightened "This is not a school for those who wish to learn the trade" she said curtly

"I'd come for low wages," Sally said hoarsely very low until I'd learned"

"Even so," the woman began coldly, "I'm afraid you wouldn't be suitable"

Sally felt her heart sink like a stone inside her Wasn't she ever to get a job" She had been born in the slums, wasn't she to be allowed to escape from them" Bruce had offered her an escape but she mustn't think of that You couldn't escape by harming the person you loved

Sally had been about to turn away, but suddenly a fierce flame of anger shot through her The primitive, defiant side of her nature came to the surface

"Why won't you give me the job" she demanded hoarsely What's wrong with me"? I've said I'd work I'd work till I drop to learn this business I've said I'll come for a low salary It isn't fair not to give me a chance It's very unfair""

The woman had drawn herself up Her pale blue eyes shone like brittle pieces of glass, her lips had become so very thin they were almost invisible How dare this girl speak to her like this" The impudence of it'

"What you have just said further convinces me that you are not the type of girl we want here I think . . ." she began, and then came an interruption

"I'm not so sure she isn't the type of girl we want here" a man's voice behind Sally drawled "She certainly has plenty of spirit"

Sally swung towards the speaker. She hadn't been aware that anyone besides herself and the thin-lipped woman had been in the room She found herself staring at a man who was standing just inside the doorway He was of medium height, his face somewhat florid, his hair brown with streaks of gray in it, a dark brown mustache His eyes were brown too, eyes that were fixed upon Sally and which held a hint of amusement, more than a hint of admiration

He had been watching her from the doorway for some seconds before he spoke. The woman Miss Mason had seen only the girl's cheap clothes but the man saw other things He saw beneath the cheap clothes that she had a lovely slender body he saw that her hair under the startling green beret was a bright copper color he saw that her eyes were large and golden, that there was fire in them

He knew that Freda Mason was probably right Sally wasn't quite the right girl to be employed by an exclusive Fifth Avenue florist Freda had a distressing habit of being right, though that quality had never endeared her to him

But he knew, also, that Sally was the right girl for that other men besides himself liked lovely girls They came into the shop to buy flowers from a lovely girl and the lovelier the girl the more often they came in to buy Her violent outburst had arrested his attention, the savage quality to her beauty intrigued him

"We need an assistant quickly" he said to Miss Mason. "Suppose we give this girl a chance"

He turned towards Sally "Would you be willing to work hard and learn, my dear""

Sally resented the "my dear" She resented also the way he looked at her. She knew his type. Suddenly she felt as though she were standing at the cross-roads She had scornfully told the matron at the brush factory that she wouldn't use men as her stepping-stones, but if you didn't, where did you get?

For a week, now, she had been trying desperately to find work Thus was the sort of job she wanted, but the woman, Miss Mason, had already told her that she wouldn't do

Now this man had championed her. Should she accept his "generosity"? If I don't, I'll never get a chance to go back to the brush factory," she thought "Why shouldn't I use him" I know how to look after myself I'm sure I could give me a chance?" She smiled at him eagerly, "I'll work awfully hard and I'll come cheap"

Dick Perryman turned towards Freda Mason.

"Why not give her a chance"" he suggested "I know you'll be able to train her, Freda No one is cleverer than you at training inexperienced girls"

Freda bridled Sally had noticed that she had been a changed woman since the man had come into the room The thin lips had parted in a smile, she ran a hand quickly over her brown hair to pat the waves into place

"She's in love with him," Sally thought, and because she knew the sort of man Dick Perryman was, she added mentally: "Poor devil!"

"Well, if you think I could train her, Dick " Miss Mason began, "certainly I shall try."

Sally drew a deep breath She was hired

The man went out of the room Miss Mason's face hardened again

"I'm sure it is very good of Mr. Perryman to give you this chance," she snapped, but then he's quite absurdly kind-hearted

"Yes I'll bet he is where pretty girls are concerned" Sally thought

"Mr Perryman' the woman went on "is the owner of this shop He is" she hesitated "very talented He arranges flowers exquisitely When we have to do the flowers for any important function he always goes and supervises the arrangements himself"

Sally said nothing

"You will start at twenty dollars'a week" Miss Mason said

"Twenty dollars"'

Sally almost gasped audibly It seemed a lot of money after the twelve-and-a-half she had earned at the brush factory

"When you are working in the shop you will wear a green overall," Miss Mason went on, "but when you go out to deliver flowers, or to arrange them at the homes of our customers you will wear black'

"Black"" Sally answered blankly

"Of course" Miss Mason said sharply "Black is as you know the smartest color

Sally digested that slowly Black, to her, had always seemed inexpressably dowdy But perhaps this woman was right

Very well" she murmured She had promised herself that she would learn, but it was strange Down where she came from no girl would have dreamed of going out in black

Jeff wouldn't have looked at a girl wearing black He would have asked her bluntly if she'd been attending her mother's funeral The men where she came from liked their girls to wear bright, vivid colors

But Bruce, what would he have liked her to wear? Instinctively she knew that he would have been on the side of Miss Mason "Black" she said to herself "When I go out I must wear black"

Sally learned a great deal more in the weeks that followed She learned how to dress smartly but inconspicuously She learned a great deal about flowers, too not only their names but how to arrange them For this she had a natural aptitude In fact, before many weeks passed she was allowed to arrange the flowers in the great bowls of flowers in the shop window

Sometimes while she was arranging a vase of delicate frail grand blooms, Dick Perryman would come up behind her

"Very good my dear very good," he would say "You was a caress both in his voice and the hand which he laid upon her arm.

Sally shrank from his touch but she could do nothing openly Her job still depended upon the favor of this man She knew that had Miss Mason had her way she would have been dismissed, not because she was incompetent she was far from incompetent But whenever Mr Perryman came up to speak to her when, over the partition she smiled down at her as she worked she would feel the eyes of Miss Mason upon her, cold blue eyes like brittle bits of glass.

Freda Mason managed all the business in connection with the florist a shop Dick Perryman owned it and was the artistic genius behind it He was a genius with flowers Sally had to admit that They seemed to come alive in his hands With a bowl of flowers, which had formerly looked nondescript into a glowing, glorious vase of color, a veritable picture an enchanting sight to behold

There were several other assistants, one, Mavis Parker with whom Sally struck up a quick friendship Mavis was a nice cheerful girl with fair hair and a merry smile Her father was an impoverished minister in the Middle West It was Mavis who suggested that Sally should room in the same house as she did

They're not bad rooms" she told Sally. "And there is a nice crowd of girls living there"

To Sally, after that slum in Allerton Place, the house Mavis took her to near Gramercy Park seemed a paradise She had a pleasant room comfortably furnished, and it looked out onto a small yard with shrubs in it There were gay chintz curtains and in the daytime a chintz cover made the bed look like a divan There was a sink and a gas-ring in a corner hidden by a curtain

(Continued on Page 15)

How Mahatma Gandhi Hopes to Shed 20 Years of His Life

(Continued from Page 3)

of this is a nerve centre known as "the nectar-rayed moon"

From this moon, the "nectar of life" rains down continually in two streams. Old age is merely the natural dilution of this stream, and hence if it is possible by any means to infuse fresh life into the stream, rejuvenation is assured Yogic exercises, therefore, all aim at keeping this stream of nectar at full strength

"And anyone who can do this regularly for six months can destroy all disease," says one of Tapsi's disciples, "whilst by continuing it for a year, make a person control the elements."

It is statements like that which make modern medical scientists laugh. They have dissected millions more brains than the ancients who knew so little of anatomy that they imagined thinking was done in the chest. Modern science finds no gland or nerve corresponding to the "nectar-rayed moon" and, in any event nothing could ever be done to the body which would make a person control the elements

It is true that about 400 B C India seems to have been one of the most advanced nations of the world instead of the most backward But if its learned men knew all the secrets of life, they made poor use of them because India has less than half the expectation of life of Western nations

However, the Chinese inventors of gunpowder did nothing with the invention and can truthfully say that it would be a good thing if nobody else had either

At any rate, the Pandit did go into the "womb" a man of 75 and showing it, and he did come out a man of 50.

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Send coupon for the free booklet "World's New Dental Story!" Check if you also wish "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous," with "reducing" diets for women. Copyright, 1938 California Fruit Growers Exchange

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The calendar said:
"stay in"
MIDOL
said:
"STEP OUT"

Do you still let pain take precedence for "sure certain days each month"? Do you still let the calendar regulate your life—giving up enjoyment and going on suffering which you think unavoidable?

Then why don't you should know that some have discovered severe or prolonged menstrual pain is not necessary for most women. And that thousands of women have discovered it is not necessary. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a visit to your surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

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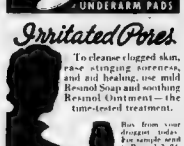


I LIVED WITH GORILLAS

By JEUAN DU BERRIE

(Continued from Double Page)

between me and those cold-blooded deities but, if only my gorilla friend could have been there with me in that sanctuary, things would not have been so bad. As I was thinking that very thing, my heart leaped with hope. Something had examined all the fruits, berries and vegetables, scattered them about, but not eaten any. That suggested the fussy gorilla who will not eat anything unless it is very fresh. Looking further I saw the imprint of a gorilla's knuckles in a spot of mud.

I was almost as excited as Robinson Crusoe when he saw Friday's footprint. It was easy to locate the path by which he had entered the sanctuary and right there I set out some choice docks, sugar cane and sweet berries. Then I climbed to the first fork of a tree and awaited his coming.

I had not long to wait. Soon I heard close at hand the short, sharp grunt which I knew so well, and out from the dense grass emerged a young gorilla.

He came cautiously at first sniffing the air and preparing to flee at any sign of danger, but soon he became reassured and began to gobble the fruits and plants. I was scarcely able to prevent myself from approaching him there and then, uttering the low bark of welcome which I remembered so well. But I managed to prevent myself from such a rash action, knowing that I must go slowly and warily if I was to gain his complete confidence.

Having discovered that one of the gods of the tribe was indeed a gorilla, I did all I could to win his confidence and friendship. I put the choicest foods that I could find for him at the fringe of the clearing where he usually emerged, and waited for him to come and take them.

After some time in response to my attentions and to the gorilla language which I uttered, he became very fond of me and I found that it was perfectly easy to approach him. I might have reared him from birth, so friendly and attached to me he grew. I gave him the name of Bo-Bo the name of the chimpanzee who is now my dearest friend.

Bo-Bo was the only gorilla that I saw during my confinement in the Place of the Gods and he became my constant companion my one consolation during those months of misery and loneliness. After a time he even used to help me to throw the food to the other gods. He was only about five years old but in spite of that he was far bigger than I and must have weighed about 500 pounds. Having no older gorilla in the place to challenge his supremacy he was just beginning to feel himself the master of things.

We became inseparable. Directly I descended from my eyrie in the early morning I would see him coming through the undergrowth, cut into the clearing towards me.

Wide World Photo

Remarkable Photograph of a Hungry Crocodile Attempting to make a Meal Out of a Native Who Slipped and Fell on the Bank of the Zambesi River in Southern Rhodesia. The Native Escaped but Was Crippled for Life.

Sometimes I would tease him by climbing a little way up a tree, giving the gorilla bark and then descending quickly to the dense undergrowth. Out he would come in search of me, and up would go his two hands to shield his eyes from the glare of the strong sun. I would see his great head bobbing up and down among the canes and creepers as he parted the tall grasses and wild bamboos to look for me, and then I would suddenly spring out in front of him. Immediately he saw me he came rushing out towards me, sometimes running upright, sometimes galloping on all fours. It looked at first as though he would bowl me over, but just before he reached me he would stop dead in his tracks, shamble round and turn his back on me.

I knew at once what he wanted, and stretching out my hands I would let my fingers wander up and down his shaggy spine, parting the long hair and trying to disentangle it where it was badly matted.

Having scratched and fondled him and heard with delight his low grunts of pleasure, I would wander off down the clearing.

The other animals, the crocodiles and gigantic pythons, grew to know me and to respect the hand that fed them, in a lazy, aloof sort of way. Yet I was never able to regard them really as my friends.

But Bo-Bo, my gorilla, loved me as much for my companionship as for the delicacies which I gave him: the sweet roots, the plantains, the succulent sugar canes. He gobbled up the offerings of course greedily, but having done so he did not at once leave me as the reptiles did. He stayed by my side, helping to relieve the monotony of my miserable predicament. Had it not been for him I often felt that in that dismal clearing surrounded by the watchful eyes of my invisible guard I should have gone stark raving mad.

Every full moon the tribe brought food which Bo-Bo and I distributed. One day I was pleased that for the first time none of that stinking meat had been brought. But I might have known better because when a savage changes a bad custom it is only to a worse one. The crocodiles got their meat, but it was fresh and alive, in the form of a 14-year-old girl who was being punished for something.

I saw her stare at me with round, glassy eyes and shudder, though I could not have been as hideous as the best looking of her tribe. After the Witch Doctor finished his usual dusting of me with red powder he said something which explained the shudder. He told me to take the girl whose hands were tied behind her back and throw her to the crocodiles.

It was useless to refuse eating or drinking anything they ordered, but I doubted if they would try to make me do this, so I declined. Also I made a speech in Witch Doctor style, but in English and with wild gestures, hoots and college yells.

Since neither the Witch Doctor nor any of the tribe could imagine any personal prejudice against murdering a defenseless stranger, when there would be no punishment for it, they were sure that I didn't think the gods wanted me to do it. The Witch Doctor decided that perhaps I was right and to play safe had a couple of the warriors throw her to the crocodiles instead.

Like a person in a trance the doomed girl allowed herself to be led to the water's edge and hurled in, without a struggle. The splash brought snouts and cruel eyes to the surface and these converged on the victim from all directions. Not till the first pair of jaws clamped down on her flesh did she give a scream that I will remember all my life. An instant later the water fairly boiled with the fierce competition as they tore her to pieces. After that I was always glad to see that they had brought the rotten meat.

For seven months Bo-Bo's companionship made life endurable for me and then one morning he came staggering to me in agony, dying of the great gorilla scourge, dysentery. The guards evidently knew of his death almost at once because I heard a wailing sound and two days later nearly the entire tribe assembled at the sanctuary. The Witch Doctor examined Bo-Bo's corpse and quite as I expected, accused me of having murdered a god, even mentioning the poisonous herb I was supposed to have used.

By this time I had enough command of the tribe's lingo to deny the accusation, tell them the real truth, point out that all the other gods were flourishing and therefore why would I murder my best god-friend?

The Witch Doctor leaped up with his best shriek to answer me, but to my astonishment the entire tribe shouted him down and even threatened him with their spears. Then all turned and bowed low to me. The next thing I knew they were carrying me on a litter to the village where I was installed in their council hut, bigger even than the Chief's. At first I thought they had given me the Witch Doctor's job, but it was grander than that.

I was the tribe's god.

There were many reasons for this exalted promotion. From the day they took me to the Place of the Gods the tribe had enjoyed vast prosperity. Crops had been bountiful, hunting had never been so good in ten years, they had almost annihilated a neighboring tribe in battle and their wives had been abnormally faithful to their husbands. Surely I must have brought all that good luck, but, most convincing of all, the guards had seen me fraternizing with the gorilla god, something that only a high grade diety could possibly do. So they overruled the Witch Doctor and set me up in style.

In many ways I outranked even the Chief and I eclipsed the Witch Doctor entirely. I could have any number of village maidens for wives and had the right to commandeer food or any other possession from anyone. But the one thing I wanted was the one thing not granted, liberty to leave the village.

I was sort of combination god and pet animal, to be treated handsomely as long as I stayed with them, but to be killed rather than have me escape and bring back to some other tribe. For several weeks I studied the tribe's theology and just as I thought I had found a divine right that would let me escape, the whole situation changed.

The old Chief died and at the end of three days' dancing and confusion, I found myself elected in his place. As soon as I learned that the honor had come to me chiefly by the electioneering of the Witch Doctor I declined saying that I was content to remain just a god. I then learned that nobody is permitted to decline the chieftancy, any more than he can decline a death sentence.

As a Chief I had more direct power over the tribe than as a god who was supposed mostly to make the Chief's plans succeed and though he could veto most anything, could not originate much legislation. On the other hand, a Chief could be deposed and with such deposal went automatically a death sentence whereas a god could only be killed to prevent his escape. I knew what my enemy was up to and did my best to thwart him by being the best Chief a tribe ever had.

One would not think that the only tribe to own its own god would convert him into a mere Chief, something any tribe can elect. One reason was that with gods as with ordinary men, familiarity breeds contempt. At a distance in the Place of the Gods and hobnobbing with one of the greatest of them, I was a mysterious and awe-inspiring personage. But, after watching me loafing around the village a couple of weeks, eating, sleeping, sneezing, snoring, slapping mosquitoes and scolding the shiftless women, just like all the other men, I did not look so very divine. They decided that I was just a wise young man who might make a smart chief, and would carry into that job any magic and good luck there might be about me.

For nearly a year I managed to stave off the evil day the Witch Doctor was planning for me. In that time, I corrected many of the most cruel and stupid of the people's customs and taught them the rudiments of cleanliness and sanitation, though it all had to be done on a magical basis. Most important of all I put a stop to the senseless and endless wars. This I did by getting neighboring chiefs to lay their grievances before me as a judge instead of going to war.

They agreed because they were afraid of me. In the first two cases my own tribe had been flagrant trespassers and robbers and to everyone's astonishment I gave them severe punishment. Nobody had ever heard of anyone deciding against his own tribe but they concluded that this must be my habit so others started raiding and robbing us. When again I punished the guilty, the astonishment was greater than ever. It took a long time for the idea of an impartial judge to penetrate their minds.

Things seemed to be going along fairly well and I had no idea how completely the Witch Doctor had undermined me until one day I stayed in bed with a serious, but not dangerous attack of acute indigestion. As soon as they knew that I was sick, nearly all the warriors went into the forest with the Witch Doctor, and one of my four wives (the minimum allowed a Chief) whispered to me that they were deposing me. Gods weren't supposed to be sick and it was only that fear of my divinity that had been holding them back.

This woman was the most intelligent of the four and in practicing the language with her I had often told her about the marvels of London and now she made me a proposal. The village was so lightly guarded that she could get me past its bounds and would guide me out of the Gaboon territory, if I would take her to London and cover her with beads.

I agreed and we did get away as far as a tributary of the Gaboon River where we made a crude raft of logs tied together with creepers and floated down toward the main stream.

Everything was peaceful and my troubles seemed over when fiendish yells from the banks announced that we had been discovered by another tribe about as hideous looking as the one we had left. Unable to reach us with spears they jumped in and swam for us. As the leading swimmers rapidly overhauled the drifting raft there seemed nothing to do but wonder whether they would take us captive or kill us on the raft.

Just then with a pitiful cry the woman jumped from the raft and swam back to our pursuers. She must have done it to save my life, and if so it was the only act of self-sacrifice I ever saw by any member of her tribe.

And it did save me. While the swimmers were capturing her, they lost considerable time and when they looked at me again, instead of renewing the pursuit, swam madly for the shore. Just then the raft gave a sudden movement and I saw that I was entering the fast water above a rapids through which they dared not go.

The rapids smashed my raft, but I survived to build another, finally reaching the trading post at the mouth of the Gaboon and safety.

Naked and unarmed I had sought the supposedly murderous gorilla in his home, been accepted by the giant as an equal and a trusted friend, and, though some other animals had threatened me, the only harm came from human beings, both black and white.

The End.

Worse than BODY ODOR-P.O.

YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM
FREE!

SEA SUN mountain sun just plain country sun they can burn so painfully that all the fun of vacation vanishes. Next time take your exposure gradually, protecting the skin with liberal applications of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It supplements the natural oils, soothes and cools once sunburn does occur and relieves that tight, parched feeling.

How to Improve Your Reasoning

(Continued from Page 6)

saved the plant.

We need a head free from prejudice and bias to get our reasoning machinery started.

We need a questioning mind that continually asks "Why did this happen?" and "What will likely happen next?" to keep the machinery going.

And the fuel behind all verbal reasoning is information. True, we may have a head crammed chock full of useful information like some of these shot-savants who know the populations of all the county seats in the country. But lack of information is a prevalent cause of lack of reasoning.

And of these many pathetic arguments where neither person knows what he is talking about.

Of course no one can have instantly in his head all the information needed to reason on many of the topics which interest him. But this can be quickly obtained in the public library or in daily reading. There must be information, however to avoid the absurdity of reasoning in vacuum.

We have recalled Lincoln and Franklin as men who developed their own reasoning factor. And we can recall pointedly how both were intense readers and searchers for information.

I'd like to take a vacation, go to the woods and think this thing through." But when a person does decide to take things easy, to relax and let down reason goes into temporary eclipse. Experiments have shown that it is necessary to force body as well as mind to reason.

Relaxation promotes daydreaming not reasoning.

The Thinker, that magnificent statue by Rodin, shows the man with his muscles bulging as they are tensed to help out his brain power. Rodin carved a man who knew how to use his body to assist his brain, not a slouched daydreamer. Slouching sets the switch for day dreams, for building Castles in Spain while pulling the muscles up a bit opens the main tracks for express train progress in the productive use of brain cells.

Why slightly tensed muscles help brain power is not yet understood by science but it is definitely established that muscle tenseness does help brain intensity, much as a violin made of hard wood gives a better tone than one of soft wood. Edison and Steinmetz did their wonderful work best intently over a table, not while lounging on a day bed, as the would-be geniuses do in Greenwich Village. Gabriele d'Annunzio famed Italian writer always did his writing while standing at a specially constructed table.

The clear thinking executive or scientist who can name his own price is as alert of body as he is of mind.

Dr. Laird's Answers to the Reasoning Test

TEST NO. 1.—Just to make sure you would be caught napping at the practice of guessing in place of reasoning, not one of the reasons given is the best. For each of the 15 questions you should think of several better reasons than the ones given. So, put your thinking cap on again and go back to the list and see what you can really reason out.

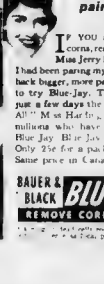
TEST NO. 2.—These pairs of proverbs have pretty much the same meaning: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 13.

TEST NO. 3.—The false relationships are in items 3, 4, 7, 8, 11, 13, 17, 18.

CORNS

Here's proof Blue-Jay removes corns Root and All

Famous model removes painful corns this easy way



IF YOU suffer from ugly painful corns, read what Miss Jerry Harding says: "For years I had been paring my corns. They always came back bigger, more painful than ever. I decided to try Blue-Jay. The pain stopped and in just a few days the corn hurt no more. And all! Most Hardly [illegible] millions who have used Blue Jay. Blue Jay [illegible] Only 25c for a package [illegible] Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

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Men as Her Stepping-Stones

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 12)

and on this Sally cooked most of her meals.

Apart from food, most of her money went on fares and on instalments for the new clothes she had bought. For she had to buy practically everything new. Mavis had taught her how one can buy good clothes by paying a deposit and then so much a week.

"All the girls do it," she told Sally. "Gosh, we couldn't afford to dress at all if we had to pay cash for everything!"

Apart from their salary, the girls often received good-sized tips when they went to deliver flowers personally, or more often when they were sent to arrange the flowers in a private house or apartment for a reception or a dance.

Sally was very busy these days. She had little time for amusement, no time for men. She didn't want time for men. Passionately, she told herself, she never wanted to become involved with a man again. Men hurt you too much. If they loved you it hurt; if you loved them it hurt.

She tried not to think of Bruce, but he was constantly in her thoughts. Sometimes she would see a man passing the shop window that reminded her of him. Her heart would stand still, then commence to thump violently.

Supposing it were Bruce. Supposing he should stop and come into the shop. Supposing...but it never was he, and quickly she would tell herself she was glad it wasn't.

But it was at night time that she found it most hard to keep him out of her thought. Especially those nights when Mavis was out and she was alone sitting by the window in her bedroom looking out into the night that was blue-black, starry—remembering that other night, not wanting to remember it, but not being able to help herself, that night in Bruce's country place when he had held her in his arms and she had felt his kisses upon her lips.

She wondered if their paths would ever cross again, and if they did, what would happen? "If only I could feel that I were worthy of him, that he wouldn't be ashamed of me," she whispered over and again to herself.

Things had begun to be a little difficult at the shop. Dick Perryman was showing his preference for her more openly. "Dickie's little pet," one or two of the other girls nearly called him.

As yet he hadn't made any deliberate overtures, but with a sickening sense of despair she knew they would come. His eyes, as they rested upon her, were too audacious, he would make some excuse to touch her hand whenever it was possible. Once or twice he suggested she stay late to do some special job or other.

Up till now Sally had been able to avoid seeing him alone and, in this, she was helped by Freda Mason, who watched her as a cat watches a mouse whenever Dick was near her.

The other girls were aware of it. Mavis spoke of it to Sally one evening as they sat together having a supper of scrambled eggs and ham which Sally had cooked.

"See here, Sally," she began awkwardly, "I'd be careful how I carried on with Dick Perryman if I were you."

Sally had been getting some cups out of the cupboard. She stopped and swung towards Mavis.

"But Mavis," she cried, "you don't think I'm deliberately encouraging him? Why, I—" She gave a short laugh. "I can't stand the man! It's only—" she hesitated, a faint color came into her cheeks—"well, I'm afraid of losing my job, that's all."

"You're in a tight place, I know," Mavis agreed. "You may lose your job if you're rude to him and you may do the same if you're not! I'd be careful of that Mason woman. She's madly jealous of you and she might be dangerous."

Sally, Arranging Mrs. Vandeen's Flowers, Heard a Name Mentioned Which Caused Her to Stiffen. "I was looking forward to Bruce Graham's coming," Beth Had Said Softly. Disappointment in Her Voice.

Sally tossed back her hair. "Oh, I can take care of the Mason woman," she said, with far more confidence than she actually felt. "And honest, Mavis, I don't want Perryman. She can have him and gladly for all I care."

"I'm sorry for her," Mavis said as she pushed aside her plate. "I guess there was something between them once. There must have been, and she's done a lot for him. It's really she who has built up the business. She's got a good business head. He ought to be grateful to her but, of course, he isn't. No man is grateful to a woman once he's tired of her. That's the hell of it."

Sally's face clouded. "I guess you're right."

"Of course I'm right," Mavis said harshly. "I've had my fill of men. No girl, that is if she has any looks at all, who comes to this city to work, hasn't. When you're young you dream of the Prince Charming who'll come along. When I first came to New York I thought I would surely find him here. But I've waited—how long is it now—six years?"

A faintly bitter line twisted her pretty lips. "Sometimes I've even thought I'd found him, but the Prince Charming part of him was merely a mask. Have you ever found a Prince Charming, Sally?"

She had expected Sally to laugh in reply, but Sally didn't laugh.

"I don't know," she said. "I guess I did, once. Oh, not the conventional Prince Charming. At first I thought he was no good, but later—" she paused. "Men are such queer mixtures, aren't they? You think you have found a villain and he turns out to be the hero; and I suppose there are times when the hero becomes the villain of your story."

Mavis was looking at her curiously. "You're a strange girl, Sally," she said, "but you're sweet. Sometimes I think there has been something unusual in your life, some tragedy, some rotten experience, or maybe," she added with a quick flash of insight, "the experience didn't turn out so rotten in the end? Sally, I've no right to ask, but I'm fond of you and we're friends. Have you ever been in love?"

Sally's face colored. Darts of pain appeared in her large golden eyes.

"Maybe I have," she muttered. "Maybe I always shall be in love ...but maybe nothing will ever come of it."

"But, Sally, surely—" Mavis began.

"Don't talk about it, Mavis, please," Sally begged. She gave herself a little shake, as though mentally shedding a memory.

"Come on," she said with a forced gaiety, "finish your supper, Mavis, and let's go to the movies."

CHAPTER XII

Word of Bruce.

IT WAS ironical that it was through Dick Perryman that Sally went to Mrs. Vandeen's house for the first time. Mrs. Vandeen telephoned through to the shop to ask them to send someone to do the flowers for the dance she was giving for her daughter.

"I thought my daughter and I would have time to do the flowers ourselves," she told Miss Mason over the phone, "but we find we're too rushed. If you could send a girl along who is good and quick we'd be grateful."

"Certainly," Miss Mason purred, "I'll send someone at once."

One could always tell how wealthy a customer was by the way Freda purred. She purred only for the excessively rich. Mrs. Vandeen was excessively rich. She was one of the most important Society hostesses in New York.

Dick Perryman was standing in the office leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets when the call came through. He immediately suggested sending Sally.

"Who was that?" he asked as Freda put down the receiver.

"Mrs. Vandeen," she said. "She wants us to send a girl around to do the flowers for the dance she's giving tonight for her daughter."

He raised one evebrow. "Oh, she does, does she? That will mean a good tip for one of them. What about sending Sally?"

Freda stiffened. "I scarcely think Sally is the girl to send. After all, she has less experience than the others."

"But she's better at the job," he insisted. "She has a natural aptitude for arranging flowers. She has an original flair, too, which is more than I can say for most of them."

"All the same, I think it would be better to send Mavis Parker," Miss Mason persisted quietly.

Inwardly she raged. Why should he insist that Sally have all the best jobs? She hated the girl. She wished to Heaven that she could think of some way of getting rid of her. If only she could catch her in something disgraceful! But Sally had proved not only a good worker but scrupulously honest.

"No, we will send Sally." Dick said stubbornly. "Why shouldn't we send her?"

Freda pursed her thin lips together, her pale blue eyes narrowed.

"Well," she said, "I scarcely like to send anyone to Mrs. Vandeen's house who is not quite—quite—" she hesitated, but her meaning was clear.

"You mean she's not quite a lady?" Dick Perryman said. He threw back his head and gave a great shout of laughter. "Good grief, Freda, what cats you women are!"

She colored, and the hot flush didn't become her.

"That's unfair, Dick," she said. "Personally, I don't care which of the girls go; but it's true what I said. Sally Carson isn't a lady."

"No," he said harshly, "but she's better than one. She's got more spirit and courage than any lady I've ever met in my life. She's clever, too, and she's a worker. Besides, even if she wasn't born a lady she's quickly picking up the veneer. Have you noticed the way she dresses now?"

"Yes, I've noticed," Freda acceded reluctantly. "If you think I should send her, Dick—"

He laughed again, pleasantly this time. It amused him to enforce his will upon Freda. She was strong-willed and stubborn, but he could always make her do what he wanted her to.

It gave him a queer satisfaction. Once he had been in love with Freda. He had taken all she had to give him, then he had tired of her; he rather disliked her now, but he was no fool and he knew that she was useful to him.

Through her ability, the business had grown to what it was today. Should he lose her it might be extremely difficult, even impossible, to replace her. She had a personal interest in the business, a passionate interest, chiefly, he knew, because of her interest in him.

It was worth his while to play up to her occasionally. It cost him nothing and it kept her, if not happy, at least contented.

Now he crossed over to her and put an arm about her thin shoulders.

"Silly old thing," he said softly as he played with her hair. "You're not jealous of a girl like Sally Carson? As if I'd take her seriously! As if I'd take any woman seriously but you."

"Dick," her voice was faintly muffled, "do you take me seriously? Sometimes I'm not sure. If only—" she began, but she broke off. She was afraid to say what was in her mind: "If only you'd marry me," she thought desperately, despairingly, but she didn't dare say it to him. She was too afraid it would be the end of everything.

"If only?" he questioned lightly.

"If only you'd love me a little, Dick."

"Of course I do," he laughed

(Continued on Page 17)

Echoes From The American Weekly
Housewife's Food Almanack

Note by the Editor:

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. This aside from the $5 prizes for recipes. In writing letters for possible publication, say whether you prefer initials only, otherwise the full name will be used. The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York.

Housewife's Food Almanack:

A most delicious confection that my Southern "in-laws" make is called "Peach Leather." The process for its making was brought to us from Africa by early slaves and for generations it has been made by the old Negro mammies of the South.

They take a peck of ripe peaches, preferably Freestones, clean, pound and press them through a coarse sieve. To each 4 quarts of this pulp they add and mix a pound of brown sugar, cook for 15 minutes and then spread on plates.

This is then set in the sun every day until thoroughly dried so that the paste may be rolled up like leather. While being dried, it is protected from flies with mosquito netting. Afterwards it is dusted with granulated sugar, rolled up and stored in large jars.

Mrs. Ed. Sayre,
Morrill, Neb.

(To Mrs. Sayre for suggesting a novel "way down South in Dixie" confection The Editor thanks as well as those of many readers who undoubtedly will try this out for themselves.)

Housewife's Food Almanack:

I'm Mrs. Magdalena Castro, married 26 year old mother of 4 childrens and Mexican. Most every Mexican family eat Cactus in spanish nopales. But they cook them first in hot water to boiled.

But I find a easy way and quicker take less time. First they have to be little cactus picked from the big ones. Pick the little and tenders ones, peel of all thorns with a big nife and wash them. Cut in small squers and put them in a casserole 1 regular size onion chopped 1 tomato cut it to, put sol pepper to suit taste little garlic and in top of all this put a big food spoon of cool lard, cover and put in a very low fire when they cook they have to be very soft but not let them get very dry.

This is for 12 cactus for 3 persons 3 dishes.

12 little softs cactus or nopales.

1 onion, 1 tomato, salt, pepper, garlic—some Spanish people might help if they happen to read The American Weekly.

Mrs. Castro
Redlands, Cal.

Too bad they can't grow cactus for food up North, Mrs. Castro. But your recipe is certainly worth a prize.

Housewife's Food Almanack:

I have found your recipes in The American Weekly Housewife's Almanack to be very useful. Am sure every reader finds fixing them a pleasure especially these hot summer days.

Mrs. Walter May,
Burlington, N. J.

Housewife's Food Almanack:

For years The American Weekly has held much interest for me. Now I have a recipe which may interest you. An uncle and a brother of mine resided for many years in India and upon their return brought back a recipe for a native dish which is as common there as pork and beans are here. It is called Dahl, pronounced "doll."

One pound of yellow split peas boiled gently for about an hour, or until all water is absorbed and peas are consistency of mashed potatoes. Add salt, 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls of curry powder and one pint of sour cream. Beat together. Serve hot or cold. Also makes unusually tasty sandwiches. An odd, simple and tasty dish, at very small cost.

Mrs. Lillian B. Holland,
921 Matagorda St.,
San Antonio, Texas.

(Thanks, Mrs. Holland. When we go to India, even if we can't speak the language, we know we won't starve. Not as long as we remember to ask for "Doll."—The Ed.)

When Nervousness Makes You Perspire

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says ANNE SHIRLEY

"With a woman, Romance comes first. That's why I advise: GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN"

"I USE COSMETICS OF COURSE," says this charming young screen star, "but I always remove stale rouge and powder with Lux Toilet Soap."

Dust and dirt, stale cosmetics left in the pores may mean unattractive Cosmetic Skin with its dullness, tiny blemishes, and enlarged pores. Use cosmetics all you like but before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap.

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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THE NEW FRENCH WAY

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

CURE YOURSELF OF SNORING BY CAREFUL DIET

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.,
Author of "Psychology and Profits" (B. C. Forbes Co.) Associate Editor "Health by Health."

ONE way Uncle Arthur tried to get Aunt Harriet to stop snoring was to get out of bed and turn her over on the other side. But researchers have recently discovered another way that works much better. It is a scientific system which keeps erstwhile snorers from ever starting to snore.

The only difficult part of this new method of eradicating entirely the snoring of many people who have been disturbing the family with their nocturnal symphonies of wheezes, rumbles, and rattles, is that it is necessary to experiment with foods for a few weeks until the food which causes the snoring is finally and definitely established as the culprit for that particular person.

It has been known for some time, of course, that there are people who, being sensitive to some foods, have a rash break out on their skin after eating something that isn't good for them. Or their allergic condition, as this sensitivity is known, may result in an attack of hay fever, or asthma.

Now it has been discovered that in many persons there is a slight and somewhat peculiar sensitivity, an allergic condition to some foods affecting mostly the passageways through which we breathe, chiefly when one is lying down, or asleep. The result is snoring. Turn the snorers over, and they pick up their unfinished symphony in a few moments.

What these people should do is to find the food which affects their air passageways in this fashion, and then avoid this food for the evening meal. In stubborn instances the foods may have to be left out of the diet entirely to ward off snoring.

The surest way to discover the trouble-making food is to have a physician make a series of tests which will usually reveal the foods to which one is allergic.

A simple and usually effective way takes more time than these painless tests the physician makes in his office. First, write out the things you have eaten at the evening meal on those days you have done some fancy snoring. A few such lists may reveal some one or two foods which you do not regularly eat, and these should be looked upon with suspicion. List even the seasonings, for dressings, spices, flavorings may be your midnight Waterloo.

Second, leave a suspected food out of your meals for an entire day, and then note if you snore that night. If you do ignore, that food is innocent. So leave out another food, or flavoring, the next day, and keep this up until you finally discover the ones which have been making you a snoring pest.

Having once discovered the dish that is to blame, try eating it at noon, and if its sensitive effects wear off by night, you may have snoreless sleep. If you still snore when eating it at noon, why, it looks as though you would be wise to leave it out of your diet altogether.

Strangely enough, some light rays may have a similar effect. Grandmother, dozing in front of a glowing fireplace, for instance, is likely to burst forth in snores, since the rays given off by dull-red sources are "nose closers." The rays from bright fires or from bright lights are "nose openers." When the face is cooled, for some reason the nose-closing rays are not so potent. Hence the value of sleeping in a cool bedroom.

So you nocturnal serenaders should try a cool sleeping room as well as experiment with your foods to do away with snoring.

Alexander the Great paused long enough while conquering the world to bring the first string bean to Greece, from India, as well as the first onion from Egypt.

OLD FASHIONED SHORTCAKE

THE FAVORITE RECIPE OF THE FIRST LADY OF VERMONT

SINCE Governor George D. Aiken of Vermont in his own nurseries at Putney originated a species of ever-bearing strawberries, it is only natural that Mrs. Aiken should incorporate them in her favorite recipe, old fashioned short cake with the biscuit prepared like grandmother used to make it, with the berries sprinkled with sugar and rich cream. Here is that palate tickling recipe as Mrs. Aiken gave it to The American Weekly:

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk
1 quart berries

Sift dry ingredients. Mix in shortening, add milk to make soft dough. Smooth out lightly. Bake in greased deep layer-cake pan in hot oven 20-25 minutes. Split butter and spread sweetened whole, halved or quartered berries between the layers and top with berries and cream.

When Canada was first settled, potatoes sent to England were "dainties for the Queen," according to Parkinson, a 17th Century historian. But in 1624 he wrote, "The reason of their great increase they are so commonly here with us at London that even the most vulgar begin to despise them."

HONEY MUFFINS

WHY NORTH DAKOTA BEES WORK OVERTIME

NORTH DAKOTANS seem to have imbued their bees with the hurry-up spirit because in that State they are just three times as busy as their kind in other parts of the country, producing an average of 141 pounds of honey to the hive annually, compared to a little more than 46 pounds per hive for the country as a whole. One reason for this, natives say, is honey muffins. Supposedly the bees actually connive with the cooks, and the muffins are so good that it's a bee's size job to keep up the supply of the nectar ingredient.

One popular recipe for honey muffins is the invention of Miss Constance Lerby, food economist at North Dakota Agricultural College. She tells The American Weekly that she prepares them as follows:

1 cup milk
½ cup strained honey
½ cup granulated sugar
2 cups flour
6 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
3 eggs, well beaten
¼ cup melted butter or other fat

Pour milk into mixing bowl, add honey, sugar and stir well. Sift flour with baking powder and salt, add to liquid. Use a wire spoon beater. Add butter. Stir quickly and use only a very few strokes. Put into oiled muffin pans at once and bake in a hot oven 400-375 degrees Fahrenheit, 12 to 15 minutes.

DILL, the Hardy, Aromatic Plant, Is Valued for More Than Pickling. In Some of the Central European Countries it Is Still Regarded as a Powerful Talisman Against Witchcraft.

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Here is a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.

There is no restriction on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print, plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

MARY ANN SALAD
(Try it on the Children)

TRY the "Mary Ann Salad"—it amuses your guests and sharpens children's appetites, also it can be prepared several hours before serving, says Mrs. Gertrude Jones, 96 N. Spring St., Bloomfield, N. J. It won her a $5 prize.

Grated or shredded carrot is used for the hair.

½ tomato, flat side down, for face, with whole cloves for eyes
½ boiled egg, cut lengthwise, for chest
½ cup potato salad, with a single curly lettuce leaf over it to represent the skirt and hold salad in place more firmly.
Gherkins, cut lengthwise, are used to represent arms and legs.

Delicious served with salted crackers.

GENIUS CAKE—IT WINS A PRIZE

TO Mrs. Richard C. Bush, 345 Metropolitan Ave., Roslindale, Mass., goes a $5 prize for her recipe for Genius Cake, a chocolate cake which has won much applause from professors and scholars in academic halls. "It's small and delicately proportioned in texture and flavor," she writes, "a man's dish."

Mix in order given for cake:

1 egg yolk, 1 cup white sugar, ¼ cup shortening, ½ teaspoon salt. Combine and add 1 teaspoon soda and ½ cup sour milk, 1½ cups sifted flour and ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 tablespoons cocoa mixed with ¼ cup boiling water.

Beat mixture with beater and fold in egg white stiffly beaten. Bake in 2 round 8-inch cake pans which have been greased with butter and dusted with flour for 20 minutes in 350 degree oven.

Mix in order given for filling: Cook in double boiler 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, ⅔ cup sugar, ½ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup hot water. (It's better to cook the cornstarch 20 minutes, stirring until thick.)

Icing: Boil ½ cup dark brown sugar, ¼ cup white sugar and 3 tablespoons of hot water until mixture spins a thread from spoon (7 inches for thread). Have 2 egg whites stiffly beaten. Pour mixture slowly over whites with intervals of beating.

Last, and do not omit this final touch, melt one square of bitter, unsweetened chocolate over steam and spread quickly and deftly with spatula in a circle one inch from rim of cake.

The ancients thought so highly of parsley that Hercules was supposed to have been crowned with a wreath of it after having conquered the Nemean lion.

COTTON PICKER'S DELIGHT

SERVED WITH BANJO STRUMMING

WHEN the cotton fields of Alabama have turned a snowy white, when the cooks have rolled up their sleeves and banjoes have been tuned up for an evening of old Dixie melodies, then an old South-ern meal, appropriately nicknamed "Cotton Picker's Delight," supplies culinary harmony of its own. Turnip and mustard greens, white meat and golden brown corn bread make a simple but thoroughly satisfactory banquet. Here is the way it is prepared:

2 bunches turnip greens
1 bunch mustard greens
¼ pound white meat (salt pork) or a ham hock

Wash turnip and mustard greens in several waters and drain thoroughly. Put white meat in stew pan, cover with water and boil until tender, approximately 45 minutes. Add greens and cook on slow fire for an hour. Serve with cornbread made in the following manner:

2 cups sifted cornmeal
1 egg
1 cup buttermilk
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 tablespoon bacon grease, melted
½ teaspoon salt

Sift cornmeal into a bowl. Dissolve baking soda in buttermilk, and add to cornmeal. Break an egg into the mixture. Heat bacon grease in skillet and mix with above ingredients. Mix well. Pour into well greased pie pan and cook for half an hour in a medium hot oven. Cut into oblong slices and serve with plenty of fresh, country butter as side dish with white meat and turnip greens.

Mithridates, King of Pontus, was the Luther Burbank of his day. By careful transplanting of trees and grafting of limbs he produced the first sweet cherry.

Still Another Winning Recipe
LUNCHEON CHOPS

FROM Mrs. Mary Ingalls, Healdsburg, Cal., comes a novel meat recipe which is prepared as follow:

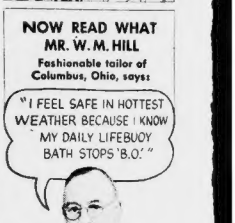
6 rib lamb chops
2 cupfuls mashed potatoes
⅛ cupful minced ham or tongue
2 eggs, salt, pepper
1½ cupfuls bread crumbs

Select small, tender chops. Have them "Frenched" and neatly trimmed; remove excess fat. Have ready potatoes freshly boiled, mashed, seasoned, add ham or tongue and one beaten egg. Do not have potatoes too soft. Pan or broil chops quickly until just cooked through. Season with salt and pepper, cover one side of meat end neatly with a spoonful of potato. Dip each chop into beaten egg, then into breadcrumbs. Fry in deep hot fat until a golden brown—about three minutes. Use a large pot and fry two or three chops at a time. Serve on a platter with a mound of new string beans and place diced carrots in the center.

WHY SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB...

NEXT WEEK
WHAT LUCK TODAY, MABEL?

NOW READ WHAT MR. W. M. HILL
Fashionable tailor of Columbus, Ohio, says:



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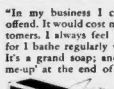

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THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

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Lemons Refresh Your Menus

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

FEW foods are as naturally refreshing as are lemons, those important members of the well-known Citrus Family. Indeed, these golden balls of juice seem almost designed by Nature to serve as containers of aromatic, refreshing odors which miraculously act to revive both jaded appetite and jaded nerves.

Packed to the rind with mineral "salts," lemons gain their characteristic fragrance from the myriad oil cells in the rind itself. That is why many recipes calling for intense lemon flavor require a small amount of grated rind.

But the juice or liquid of the lemon pulp is, after all, its most valuable asset; for these juices are high in important vitamins which act as tonics, "brooms," and cleansers to the entire system, strengthening its tone.

Years ago, the famous Captain Cook saved the health of his men when they were down with tropical disease due to malnutrition and limited diet, by insisting that they eat lemons in quantity.

This ability to put the body rightly over on the alkaline side is shared not only by lemons, but by limes, grapefruit, and oranges, the other members of the Citrus Group. Lemons are noted for subtle quality of freshness, also observed at its best in mint leaves, lavender and other plants, due to high volatile aroma in its rind, as previously mentioned.

Hence lemons, lemon rind, and lemon juice are all ideal "fresheners" for the summer menu and for those last dog-days when mugginess and humidity make the heat seem even more severe.

Both color and texture, also, give the lemon more counts as a blue-ribbon food. For the clear, high, sunny lemon slices appeal to the eye, and contrast well with almost every other colored dish; while, in texture, the lemon flesh or pulp has clear frosty transparency with interesting spiderwork or lace design, which lends it charm as a garnish or accessory. This appearance quality must not be minimized in taking into account the lemon's wide popularity.

Another point — these same tonic acid attributes of the lemon juice are not only important digestants, but they bring out the flavor of less sharp and pungent foods. Thus, almost every mixture for frozen dishes calls for "lemon juice." Why? Because lemon juice, like salt, gives a lift to the bland mixture, food or dish, and really helps bring out its own true and best flavors. Even a few drops of lemon juice will provide piquancy to milk mixtures, to sweet drinks, to bland sauces.

Lemon, of course, is also a true flavor, or fragrance, recognizable in and of itself. Lemon extract, for example, rates very highly as a genuine flavoring essence. Therefore, to use lemon generously, we are really flavoring and perfuming our foods at the same time that we secure health benefits from the lemon juice.

It's a safe bet that lemons or lemon juice will improve and refresh any dish, from the first course cocktail down to the last crumb of the dessert. A small amount of lemon juice tones up even tomato juice and similar cocktail ingredients, and, with tomato, makes an excellent prelude.

Next, salads, and salad dressings. Practically every green salad is benefited by the punch given by a generous amount of lemon juice, either sprinkled over the ingredients or included in the dressing. Try using lemon juice in French dressings, with honey, as on fruit salads, etc.

If the salad happens to take the form of a jelly or aspic dish, then surely lemon juice will be called for in the main mixture or in the contrasting dressing. Since many of these mixtures center around fresh or canned fish or sea-foods, lemon juice is necessary to give the all-important "cut" to their flavor, as seen in sprinkling lemon juice on oysters, over cherrystone clams, etc.

Desserts are of many types, but the chilled or frozen dessert is a winner on scorching days. Lemon sherbet is a delightful cooling suggestion, while lemon pudding, or lemon gelatin, are other suggestions for the hostess who wishes a light, refreshing finale to her menus.

And the punch or the cold drink must be lemon-ized, or it will surely fall flat. No matter what the other components of the mixed drink, it calls for lemon juice in the basic or foundation mixture. Even iced tea, or garden party punch, demands a generous quantity of lemon juice to provide the "pep" quality. Here is where the smart hostess does a little advance hand-work and makes up a supply of lemon syrup to have handy for all occasions. It is easily made, saves sugar, and provides a drink with more body and smoothness.

Last, but not at all least, use lemons for garnish. As has been mentioned, lemons are remarkable for the tracery of the frosted design in their pulp, and the contrast between its sparkle and the outer band of yellow rim. Slice, cut, shred, or grate lemons, and they still bring out interesting food pictures. Stick a lemon cut into eighths lengthwise on your fish salad, or heap lemon sticks around the vegetable salad; insert slice or half slice on the glass edge, and don't forget lemon garnish for special fruit salads.

Recall, also, that lemons make for personal loveliness. A couple of rinses of lemon juice or pulp on the fingers after dish-washing is good for hands and nails. Pare potatoes under water with lemon, and they will not go black. Sprinkle lemon juice on cut fruits the moment they open to the air, for the same reason.

In short, let lemons refresh both you and your hot weather menus.

Lemon-Honey Dressing

1 egg, ½ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup honey, 3 tablespoons top milk, 1 cup cottage cheese, grains salt, grains mace. Beat egg, combine with lemon juice and honey, and cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Add milk to cottage cheese, and beat mixture smooth. Add to first mixture, and blend well. Season. Makes 1½ cups. Especially delicious for fruit salads.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***
Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Toasted Coffee Cake (From Bakery), Unsalted Butter, Milk or Coffee.	Peaches, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee Substitute.	Melon, Cereal, Apple Muffins, Broiled Bacon, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Toasted Doughnuts, Coffee.	Figs (Fresh or Canned), Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Toasted English Muffins, Blackberry Jam, Milk or Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Luncheon***	***Dinner***
Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Toasted Cheese and Olive Sandwiches, Honeydew Melon, Iced Tea.	Curried Noodles and Fresh or Canned Shrimp, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Ice-Box Rolls, Fruit Gelatin with Custard Sauce, Iced Punch.	Savory Succotash, Yellow Tomato Salad, Corn-Meal Crisps, Fruit Frappe, Oatmeal Cookies.	Macaroni and Cheese Pudding, Celery Hearts, Julienne Carrots, Radishes, Coffee Blancmange, Honey Cookies, Iced Tea.	Tomato Juice Frappe, Jellied Salmon with Delicious Potato Salad, Cucumber Boats, Chilled Caramel Cup Custards.	Rich Vegetable Soup, Corn-Bread Sticks or Crisps, Chilled Fruit Tapioca, Iced Tea.	Jellied Chicken and Tongue Loaf with Cream Dressing, Asparagus, Beet and Lettuce Salad, Potato Chips, Sweet Peach Pickles, Ice-Box Rolls, Fruit Chiffon Pie, Hot or Iced Coffee.
Dinner	***Dinner***	***(Company) Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Dinner***	***Supper***
Broiled Lamb Patties, Cherry Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Green Peas, Pineapple Mint Ice-Box Cake.	Potato Salad, Spiced Cold Beef, Tomatoes and Cucumbers, French or Swedish Bread, Rennet Ice Cream with Nut Brittle Topping.	Vegetable Hors D'Oeuvres Platter, Cold Sliced Ham, Spiced Apples, Hashed or Lyonnaise Potatoes, Green Lima Beans or String-Beans, Fruit Compote, Favorite Cup Cakes.	Savory Veal Cutlets, Baked Okra, Dandelion Salad, Lemon Milk Sherbet, Brownies.		Cold Corned Beef, Ten-Minute Cabbage, Corn-on-the-Cob, Sea Dream Salad, French Dressing, Tartlets.	Frosted Tomato and Sauerkraut Juice, Assorted Sandwiches, Maple Sponge, Mint Lemonade.

Men as Her Stepping-Stones

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 15)

down at her softly, showing his very white teeth behind the small dark mustache. "Of course I care for you, Freda."

"Then that's all right," she said. But she knew it wasn't all right. She knew he was lying, but she couldn't face the fact that he was lying.

His arm fell from about her. He walked towards the door.

"I'll tell Sally myself," he said. "She'll be tickled silly."

Sally was arranging a spray of orchids when Dick came up behind her. She was twisting the fine wire about the slender green stems. Orchids . . . how lovely they were.

Delicate, exotic; but it wasn't only their beauty which intrigued her.

It was the message they sent. Sally knew that when a man ordered orchids, a special message went with them: a message of love, of adoration, of worship maybe. A man rarely sent orchids casually as he sent other flowers.

She started as Dick came up quietly and laid a hand upon her arm.

"Did I frighten you, Sally?" he smiled down at her. "What a nervous little thing you are."

"I was thinking of something else," she murmured.

"Good news for you, my dear," he said. "I've arranged for you to go and do the flowers today at the Vandeen house. The flowers were sent on early this morning. Mrs. Vandeen has just telephoned. She's giving a dance tonight for her daughter and she's incredibly wealthy. There should be something pretty decent in it for you."

Sally said primly: "Thank you, Mr. Perryman."

He took a swift glance around. There was no one besides themselves in the shop at the moment. He bent closer to Sally.

"Can't you do more than thank me in that cold tone, Sally? Don't you realise that I give you all the plums in this business, my dear? I got this one for you. Miss Mason would have given it to someone else."

"Yes, I'm sure she would," Sally thought, and her pretty lips set tightly.

"It was very nice of you, Mr. Perryman," she murmured.

"Quick," he said, "give me a kiss, dear."

But luckily, at that moment a customer came into the shop and he had to move away from her.

WHEN she had come from California, Mrs. Vandeen had rented one of the most exclusive and expensive houses on Park Avenue for an indefinite period. Lawrence, her son, was still at Yale. Her daughter, Beth, one of the season's debutantes, enjoyed life as much as her young-looking attractive mother did.

This dance tonight was in a way a farewell. Beth was going to England for a couple of months to stay with her father's brother, Benjamin Vandeen. He was very rich and had no family of his own. Mrs. Vandeen felt it only polite for the girl to go when the invitation arrived. But she would miss her. They were great pals, mother and daughter.

Beth was petite and very blonde. She had large violet-blue eyes and a bewitching dimple in her chin. Everyone had expected her to be engaged in her first season, and that she hadn't was not through lack of opportunity. Many men had laid their hearts and fortunes at Beth's tiny feet. But she had said she wasn't interested in marriage. She'd rather have a good time.

There was excitement and bustle at the Vandeen house when Sally arrived. The caterers were already there and were putting up trestle tables in the lovely oak-paneled dining-room with the genuine Colonial fireplace that had been brought from an old Southern plantation. The flowers sent that morning by Perryman's stood about in large buckets.

Sally knew she would have to work hard to get them arranged in time. People, she thought with a smile, imagined you could work miracles where flowers were concerned. They fancied you could arrange an elegant vase in the twinkling of an eye.

She went to work first in the dining-room and later in the drawing-room. The ballroom had already been decorated by another firm.

It was while she was arranging the flowers in the drawing-room that Mrs. Vandeen, Beth and another girl came in. Mrs. Vandeen smiled at Sally charmingly.

"Don't let us disturb you, please," she said. "Go right ahead with the flowers. But every other room in the house is in such an uproar and I'm dying for a cup of tea." She pressed a bell as she spoke.

An imposing-looking butler came in.

"Let us have tea in here, please, Manning," she said.

"Very good, Madame."

She turned to Sally: "You'll have a cup of tea, won't you, Miss . . . ?"

"Carson," Sally replied. "Sally Carson."

She thanked her with a smile. "Miss Carson, I'm sure you need one after all the work you've been doing."

"I should like one," Sally said quietly. "It's very kind of you, Mrs. Vandeen."

She went on arranging the flowers while the three women chatted amongst themselves and smoked cigarettes. Sally, occupied with her work, didn't pay much attention to what they were saying, but presently she heard a name mentioned which caused her slight body to stiffen: her fingers snipped the stem of a flower she was holding in two.

"A great disappointment to us all that Bruce Graham can't come tonight," she heard Mrs. Vandeen say. "He wired from Boston that he didn't think he could possibly make it in time. It's a shame, isn't it?"

"I was rather looking forward to his coming," Beth said softly.

"Wasn't there some talk once about Bruce Graham and Faith Denning?" the other girl asked.

"Oh, that's ancient history," Beth said, and laughed. "I believe he was sweet on her once —or at least, Faith made out that he was; though, if you ask me, I think most of the chasing was done by her. Anyhow, it appears they had a row over something, and since then she's gone abroad for a while."

"Good riddance to her," the other girl smiled. "Personally, I never could stand her."

"Amen to that," Sally thought fervently, and her heart felt a little lighter with the knowledge that Faith Denning had gone away. Her hands were shaking as she went on arranging the flowers. Queer that the very mention of Bruce's name could do that to her.

She glanced towards Beth, where she sat curled up in the corner of the sofa. A shaft of sunlight touched her very blonde hair. She was so small, so fair, so exquisitely made. Not only her words, but her voice, had told of her great disappointment that Bruce wasn't coming to her party that night.

Could she . . . could he . . . ?

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3725—TWO APRONS TO KEEP YOU SPIC AND SPAN ALL DAY. PATTERN INCLUDES BOTH VERSIONS. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric for each apron.

Pattern 3893—THIS FLATTERING ENSEMBLE WILL BE THE PRIDE OF YOUR WARDROBE FOR MANY OCCASIONS. IDEAL IN CREPE, SILK OR SHEER WOOL. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric for dress.

Pattern 3894—BACK TO SCHOOL IN THIS LOVE OF A JUMPER FROCK. PERKY IN A GAY PLAID. Designed for girls' and junior sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 jumper, requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric; blouse, 1⅛ yards.

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SHE GETS HARDER TO PLEASE EVERY DAY
MISS FOSTER YOU'VE ALWAYS DONE A GRAND JOB HERE, BUT LATELY YOUR DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN SLIPPING. WHAT SEEMS TO BE WRONG?
IT'S NO REAL EXCUSE I KNOW, BUT - I HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING WELL LATELY. I'M TO SEE THE DOCTOR TONIGHT IN FACT
NATURALLY IT'S HARD TO BE TACTFUL AND EFFICIENT WHEN YOU'RE SO UNCOMFORTABLE - AND HARSH TOILET TISSUE MAKES THIS CONDITION WORSE
LOOK IRENE NO WONDER THIS TISSUE WAS AGGRAVATING MY TROUBLE. SEE HOW ROUGH IT LOOKS
GOODNESS YES - WHY YOU CAN EVEN SEE TINY SPLINTERS IN IT!
WELL, NOW LOOK AT THIS NEW SOFT-WEVE WALDORF THE DOCTOR TOLD ME ABOUT
IT'S BEAUTIFULLY SOFT AND EVEN
3 WEEKS LATER
MISS FOSTER IS SO NICE AGAIN, IT'S A PLEASURE TO WORK HERE NOW
THE WORK IS GOING SMOOTHLY AGAIN - THANKS TO SOFT-WEVE WALDORF
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Armour's MEAL OF THE MONTH for September

A glorious ham dinner . . . A new taste discovery to delight your family

■ Wouldn't you like a delicious, brand new feast to serve your family . . . a savory "second helping" dinner that will bring gleeful smiles to their faces and showers of praise to you? Well, here it is: Armour's glorious MEAL OF THE MONTH for September.

No fussy fixing—just downright goodness

This dinner does not depend on a lot of fussy preparation. It is just simple, downright good eating. Yet a feast for the eyes, too. How mouths will water when you place that golden ham roast on your table.

Success is easy with Armour's Star Ham

Do you want your meal to look elegant, and taste nothing short of heavenly? Then use Armour's Star Ham . . . it's the Success-Secret of this work of art! For such a banquet you need a ham that's tender, rich and sweet in flavor, a ham that requires no parboiling. Slow sugar curing, slow fragrant smoking make Armour's Star Ham the delight of expert home-makers the country over. You'll cheer for it, too! Ask your meat merchant for Armour's Star Ham, and serve your family Marie Gifford's latest triumph—the Meal of the Month for September.

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM
Baked in Ginger Ale

It's ever so easy to prepare if you follow these simple directions:

Wrap Star Ham in one of its paper wrappings. Place, fat side up, on rack in any baking pan. Bake in a 300° F. oven 18 minutes to the pound. For a 14-lb. ham or larger, use 16 minutes per pound. One hour before done, remove paper and rind. Baste with ¼ cup ginger ale every 10 to 15 minutes until done. Cover with brown sugar mixed with ½ teaspoon ginger, and let glaze for 15 minutes. . . . Serve with Ginger Pears topped with whole apricots.

For Pears: Mix ½ cup ginger ale, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel, ¼ cup lemon juice and boil until thick. Pour hot over drained halves of pears from No. 2½ can. Let stand several hours. Use syrup as sauce for ham.

MENU

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Armour's Star Ham Baked in Ginger Ale
Ginger Pears—Whole Apricots
Mashed Potatoes—Buttered Beets Cole Slaw
Applesauce Cake—Coffee

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Here's a way to serve ham that is especially easy on the budget. There's no bone, no rind, no waste in these choice center slices from tenderest hams. Just put them in the broiler for six minutes . . . Delicious "en casserole." Ask your dealer for Armour's Star Sliced Ham . . . as many slices as you need.

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ARMOUR'S STAR HAM
"The Ham What Am"